



Sketches By George Gardiner

DRAFT BOARDS

--a Guardian probe



Item

He's 19 years old and from a poor family. Because of ill health as a child, he's only now finishing high school. He wants to go on to trade school after graduation. But his draft board refuses to grant him a deferment and orders him to report for induction.

Item

Or he's a college student, married, who has dropped out of school for a semester to work, and is reclassified 1-A.

Item

Or he's black, and lives in the Fillmore. He helps support seven younger brothers and sisters. His father is partly disabled and, now that his mother is sick, he has to quit school. His board sends him an induction notice.

By Eugene S. Hunn

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These specific cases of inequity and discrimination, and many others, were detailed to me by several local attorneys who handle Selective Service appeals in San Francisco. There are many such cases, as I found in my extensive investigation of local draft practices, but it is impossible to determine how many, or much about them, because of the secrecy, anonymity and bureaucratic impersonality with which lo-

- S. F.'s secret decision-makers
- Some startling deferment figures

cal draft boards work.

Draft boards make the most important decisions of young men in this country today.

Yet the civilians who sit on these boards—who decide whether a youth should go to college, work at a job or fight in the jungles of Vietnam—have remained anonymous both to the youth and to all but the most persistent questioners. See Table 1, the first published list of members of San Francisco's 10 draft boards. The once a month meetings are closed to the

Did you know that Ben Swig and Lou Lurie are members of the San Francisco draft board? Do you know anybody on your local SF draft board? Almost nobody else does either. See page 2 for the first list ever published of San Francisco's 40 draft board members — with names, occupations and home addresses.

public and to the registrant (except when personal appearances are granted on appeals).

When a youth turns 18, he has five days to register at the San Francisco Selective Service Headquarters, 100 McAllister St. A counter separates visitors

from the office area where some 20 secretaries are busy at their desks. You take a numbered ticket and wait for your number to be called.

The youths are nervous, quiet. Nothing on the bulletin board explains the machinery of the draft; nothing describes available deferments. Your number is called. The secretary's job is to ask you questions; your job is to answer. Everything seems efficient. Nobody smiles. This is about all many youths see of the system that puts them in the army for two years.

I several times had to call the San Francisco selective service headquarters. I got little help on questions of simple information, mostly brusque or evasive answers. When I asked for the names of local board members, Mrs. Jennie Lee, the woman in charge, said: "I am not authorized to release that information."

Pressed strongly for the names on grounds they were public appointees, Mrs. Lee replied:

"The men have personal reasons for this. They're giving their time for this deed, they're busy men and they don't want to be bothered at their place of business... You'll appreciate that, I'm sure."

Board members have been polled as to whether they wanted their names made public. Most said no, she said.

Who were the ones who said yes? Mrs. Lee wouldn't say. How would anybody, say a registrant up for reclassification, know which members agreed to release their names. Mrs. Lee wouldn't say.

HOW, for that matter, would a registrant ever be able to know who his draft board members were? He wouldn't, said Mrs. Lee, until he is granted a personal interview (rare is the case) with the board. Then he is introduced to them.

To get the list of board members, it was necessary to call Col. Thomas Jensen, Acting State Director in Sacramento, and send him a formal letter from an attorney.

Mrs. Lee also refused to release the names of the three clerks responsible for preparing the cases for submission to the 10 boards. They don't want their names released, she said. Again, I went to state headquarters. This time, the clerks' names were refused until I put on the pressure, including the threat of court action, to get them. I got them, but only after the office verified the propriety of my claim for disclosure with civil service

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These 'little groups of neighbors'...

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officials.

THE three clerks: Mary E. Slifer, Carolyn L. Stinnette and Marilyn T. O'Rourke.

Is this the way our draft boards are supposed to operate?

Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, National Director of the Selective Service System since its inception in 1940, describes local boards as "little groups of neighbors on whom is placed the responsibility to determine who is to serve the nation in the Armed Forces and who is to serve in industry, agriculture and other deferred classifications."

HERSHEY stresses that the system insures fair and personal treatment for all. Neighbors are to make these life-and-death decisions because neighbors understand the special problems of boys in their area. Local boards have wide discretion in saying who goes and who stays home. Government of, by and for the people.

Districts were set up in 1940, and a lot of neighborhoods have changed in two and a half decades. Some dis-

tricts appear to have been gerrymandered to provide wealthy residents with a lower class "buffer zone"—district 43, for example. This section's quota easily could be filled with young blacks out of the Fillmore, while the white sons of Pacific Heights residents move on through graduate school, or into Dad's firm.

BUT gerrymandering would be difficult to prove, for other districts have no "buffer zones." District 45, for example, is the Marina, a fairly uniform middle-class and upper-middle-class area.

What of the men who sit on these boards?

One thing is plain. They don't live in lower class districts (see map). They don't live in Hunter's Point or the Fillmore, in the Inner Mission or the Central City or on Potrero Hill.

Of the 40 local board members, five own expensive homes on the slopes of Mt. Davidson, 12 live in prosperous areas of the Sunset, seven live west of Arguello Blvd. in the Richmond District. Two live in the Marina, two on Pacific Heights, two on Russian Hill, another high on Telegraph Hill.

Two live outside the city—one in Daly City, one in San Rafael.

The chairman of the Chinatown-North Beach board, Benjamin Swig, lives at the Fairmont Hotel. He also owns it.

A MEMBER of the Fillmore-Pacific Heights board calls Number 1 Nob Hill his home. He is Louis R. Lurie, large-scale land investor, whose son is president of the Mark Hopkins Hotel Co.

Local Board 37 stretches north from Candlestick Park through Hunter's Point and Potrero Hill, and ends at Market St. None of its five members live in that vast area.

"Little groups of neighbors?"

Justice Alvin Weinberger, presiding judge of the San Francisco Superior Court, is responsible for appointments to local boards in this county (he makes the nominations to the President). Where board members reside, he says, "is not as important as the type of person chosen."

JUSTICE Weinberger looks for "level-headed" men who have had "experience in life," and who can spare the time.

Looking at the appointments, however, "experience in life" seems to mean experience in business or the professions. Eleven of the local board members are business executives—often the presidents of their own companies (see list of board members). Nine are attorneys, six are in real estate, four are brokers, two are union executives. Some, like Swig, are politically influential. Quite a few are VIP's.

Only one, James Stratten of the Hunter's Point-Potrero Hill board, is professionally involved with young people—although young men are the only draft eligible citizens. Stratten, a Reagan appointee to the State Education Commission, is administrative assistant to the California Youth Authority.

No teachers serve, no welfare workers, no probation officers, no blue collar workers.

CYNICS might assume that local board members serve for some ulterior political or economic motive. This is unlikely. Draft board members are unpaid volunteers. They serve—to say the least—without fanfare. It is a thankless job.

So why do they serve?

James Allen, chairman of the Sunset Board for 15 years, calls his service a "patriotic duty." Joseph Bonzani, chairman of the Outer Mission board (No. 38), a 19-year veteran on the board, calls it "service to my country." Says he, "Somebody has to do it."

John Dockrell answered my queries sarcastically. "Here we go again." I asked him if it bothered him to talk about his draft board service. "Yes,

- continued on page 3

1 Members of San Francisco's 10 draft boards

Name	Occupation	Home address
Draft board 36		
DANIEL J. COLLINS	Stockbroker, Holt & Collins Co.	2606 - 19th Ave.
LYNN S. PANG	Realtor, self-employed	2372 - 46th Ave.
IVAN L. SLAVICH	Retired, Clerk of Municipal Court	159 - 5th Ave.
BENJAMIN H. SWIG	Owner, Fairmont Hotel	Fairmont Hotel
DR. JOHN F. WONG	Dentist, 890 Jackson St.	454 Greenwich St.

Draft board 37		
EUGENE B. BLOCK	Editor, Jewish Community Bulletin	2533 Turk St.
JOSEPH A. DESMOND	Attorney, Desmond & Humphries	106 Denslowe Dr.
STEPHEN C. LEONOUAKIS	Attorney, Leonouakakis, Kleines, Foran & McCarthy; Director, Golden Gate Bridge Authority	145 Ulloa St.
RAYMOND C. LEWSADER	Manager, Lachman Brothers Furniture Store	61 Rockaway Ave.
JAMES E. STRATTEN (Negro)	Administrative Representative, California Youth Authority; State Education Commission member (Reagan appointee)	662 - 15th Ave.

Draft board 38		
JOSEPH C. BONZANI	Assistant to the president, Asiatic Forwarders, Inc.; retired Vice President, Bank of America	1688 Dolores St.
HARRY L. COX (Negro)	Realtor, Pacific Allied Realty	450 Balboa St.
JOHN D. DOCKRELL	Landlord; Retired salesman	1395 - 12th Ave.
DONALD M. HAET	Attorney, Wong & Haet	450 Magellan Ave.
ROLAND J. HENNING	Deputy City Attorney, San Francisco	1145 Sloat Blvd.

Draft board 39		
STEPHEN F. GILLIGAN	Business Representative, Milk Drivers' & Dairy Employees Local 226	594 London St.
DANIEL F. MCCARTHY	Realtor, McCarthy Real Estate Co.	67 Santa Ynez Way
WILLIAM MOSKOVITZ	Moskovitz Investment Co.; First Vice President, Golden Gate Bridge & Highway District	1901 California St., #3

Draft board 40		
JAMES F. ALLEN	Insurance broker, Allen Insurance Co.	85 Woodacre Dr.
ALFRED DEL CARLO	District Attorney, San Francisco	101 Jersey St., #1
HECTOR T. MACDONALD	Deputy Sheriff, San Francisco	750 Cabrillo St.

Draft board 41		
GEORGE A. JARRETT	District Manager, Daily Pacific Builder (construction newspaper)	1412 - 17th Ave.
JOSEPH P. MANETT	President, J.P. Manett Co., Frozen Food Shipping	3633a Webster St.
MARVIN D. MORGENSTEIN	Attorney, Steinhart, Goldberg, Feigenbaum & Ladar	2652 Pierce St.
LAWRENCE R. PALACIOS	President, Laundry, Dry Cleaners & Dye House Workers Local 26	459 Hazelwood Ave.
ALMON J. WALCOTT, Jr.	Underwriting supervisor, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	110 Grijalva Dr.

Draft board 42		
HAROLD R. FREEMON	Advisor to Georgia Pacific Lumber Co.	50 McLaren Ave.
JOSEPH M. NANNAN		unknown
REGIS J. SWETMANN	District Attorney, San Francisco	2920 Ulloa St.

Draft board 43		
HENRY M. BUCKLEY	President, Robert F. Smith Co., roofing	65 Twin Oaks Ave. (San Rafael)
JACK W. LEISHMAN	Owner, Mission Realty Co.	15 Melba Ave.
BEN K. LERER	Attorney, Lerer, Moltzen & McAtter; Director, Charter Bank of London; Past President, San Francisco Bar Association	520 El Camino del Mar
LOUIS R. LURIE	Real Estate Investor; President, The Lurie Land Co.	1 Nob Hill, Mark Hopkins Hotel
FRANCY RITCHARDSON (Negro)	Retired Supervisor of Rincon Finance Station, U.S. Post Office	670 Los Palamos Dr.

Draft board 44		
OTIS G. BRUN	Realtor, Lurie Land Co.	2701 Larkin St., #401
JOHN P. FIGONE, Jr.	Owner, John P. Figone Coal Co.; John P. Figone Insurance Agency; John P. Figone Travel Service	1100 Union St.
VAL MOLKENBUHR	Molkenbuhr Brothers, Service Exchange Distributors (wholesale jewelers)	2579 - 15th Ave.

Draft board 45		
RINALDO A. CARMAZZI	Attorney, Barbagelatta, Broderick, Carmazzi & Arnold	837 - 43rd Ave.
THOMAS A. DIMAGGIO	Owner, DiMaggio's Restaurant	3789 Fillmore St. (SF) 40 Fairlawn Ave., (Daly City)
ELMER F. SKINNER	Partner, Skinner Securities Co.; President, owner of Uni-Brake	69 Devonshire Way

The draft contrast: Hunters Point vs. the Sunset

37 (Hunters Point, Potrero Hill; heavily Negro and lower class)
40 (Sunset, 94 per cent white, predominately middle class)

A comparison of deferments

	37	40
2-S (Student deferment)	158	828
2-A (Occupation deferment)	80	176
3-A (Hardship deferment)	169	162
1-Y (Draftable only in time of national emergency and because of physical, mental or moral deficiency)	282	392
4-F (Physically, mentally or morally unfit)		

A comparison of inductees*

Inductees	125	72
Quota of inductees for August and September, 1967	83	50

A comparison of enlistees*

Enlistees	160	245
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Other key comparisons

Population	93,000	121,000
Non-white population (incl. Mexican-American)	43%	6%
Total number of classifications decided	2,600	3,900
Number of SF draft board members who live in the two districts	0/40	15/40

Compiled from January through October, 1967

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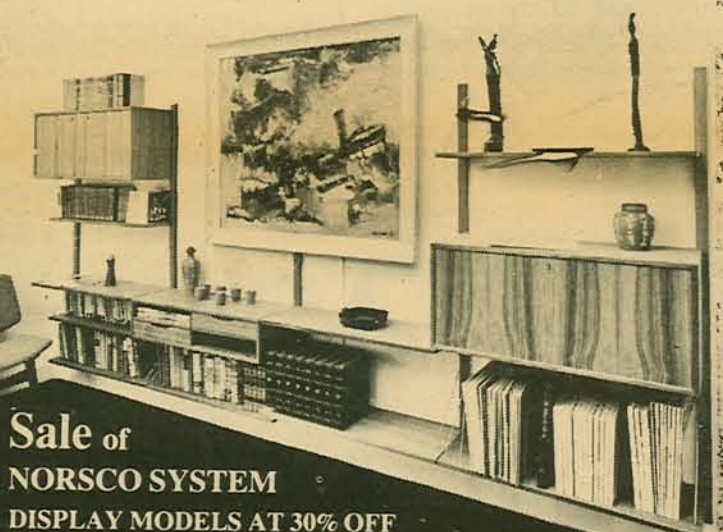
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30 seconds a case?

-continued from page 2

it bothers me. What are you disturbed about, asking these questions?" He concluded, "I serve my country and I'd do it again."

IN sharp contrast, William Moskovitz (No. 39) offered me a personal interview. He serves because he "enjoys doing good work, helping people."

However true their motives, however wide their experience, however impartial their decisions, it is impossible for local board members to represent fairly all the people of this city.

One in eight San Franciscans is a Negro. A somewhat smaller number of Mexican-Americans and Orientals live here. Are they represented on their local boards?

One of the members of board 38 (Outer Mission-St. Francis Wood) is a Negro, just appointed this year. Another Negro serves on the Fillmore-Pacific Heights board. And James Stratten is a Negro, the only non-white on the Hunter's Point-Potrero Hill board, though 43% of that area is non-white. None of the three live in the districts they represent.

JUSTICE Weinberger says he tries to find Negroes to serve on boards in predominantly Negro areas. There have been complaints, he admits, because of the under-representation of Negroes on the boards.

Apparently the Mexican-American community hasn't complained enough yet. There are no Mexican-Americans on any board. And no Filipinos nor Japanese.

What are the results of this misrepresentation?

A scrutiny of the minutes of the monthly board meetings (posted publicly at the Selective Service office) is revealing: The minutes list the names of the registrants considered at each meeting, their previous and their new classifications. I compared boards 37 and 40. (See table 2.)

Number 37 is predominantly lower-class. It includes Hunter's Point, Bayview, Potrero Hill and the Central City area south of Market St. As mentioned before, 43% of its citizens are non-white.

Number 40 is mostly upper-middle or middle-class, covering the Sunset District south of Golden Gate Park and west of Twin Peaks. This area has 25% more people, but 37 has been assigned the larger quota of inductees in recent months.

QUOTAS are based on the number of available—that is, 1-A—young men in each district; credit is given for area residents in active service. Number 37 has fewer registrants who are deferred, and fewer men from the district are officers or reservists. Hence, the higher quota.

During 1967, the Sunset board granted more than five times as many student deferments as the Hunter's Point board. Of course, many more young people from the Sunset go to college than from Hunter's Point. College is expensive; poor people can ill afford it. And youngsters in lower class areas are seldom motivated—in their homes or by their schoolteachers—to make the sacrifices necessary to go to college.

The 1967 Selective Service Act states that all full-time undergraduate students who pursue their degree continuously shall be given the 2-S deferment. (Recently, however, Gen. Hershey became interested in changing the 2-S deferment of student draft protestors to 1-A.) Local

boards are left the option of granting student deferments in other cases when the student's work is in the "national interest." This means part-time students could qualify for 2-S, if local policy allowed it.

HOWEVER, a local Selective Service clerk told me, "They must be full-time students." This policy puts the already disadvantaged poor student at an even greater disadvantage. Unlike a student from a well-to-do family, he probably has to work his way through school. If so, his job may prevent him from attending classes full-time.

A San Francisco lawyer told me of three or four married students who were trying to continue their education part time, while working to support their families, and were reclassified 1-A by local boards.

If local boards were representative their members would be more responsive to the needs of poor students in poor areas and could use the discretion granted them by the government to correct this injustice.

LOCAL boards also have considerable leeway in granting occupational, or 2-A, deferments. It is only stipulated by Selective Service regulations that the work be "in the national interest." Local boards interpret as they choose. The Sunset board granted twice as many 2-A deferments as the Hunter's Point board. In effect, this penalizes many young Negroes—and others from board 37—for being unable to get jobs.

In a recent instance, several Negro apprentice trainees at the Hunter's Point Naval Shipyard lost their deferments; other apprentices on a slightly higher level, mostly white youths, kept theirs. Is it "in the national interest" to draft young Negroes who at last are learning a trade?

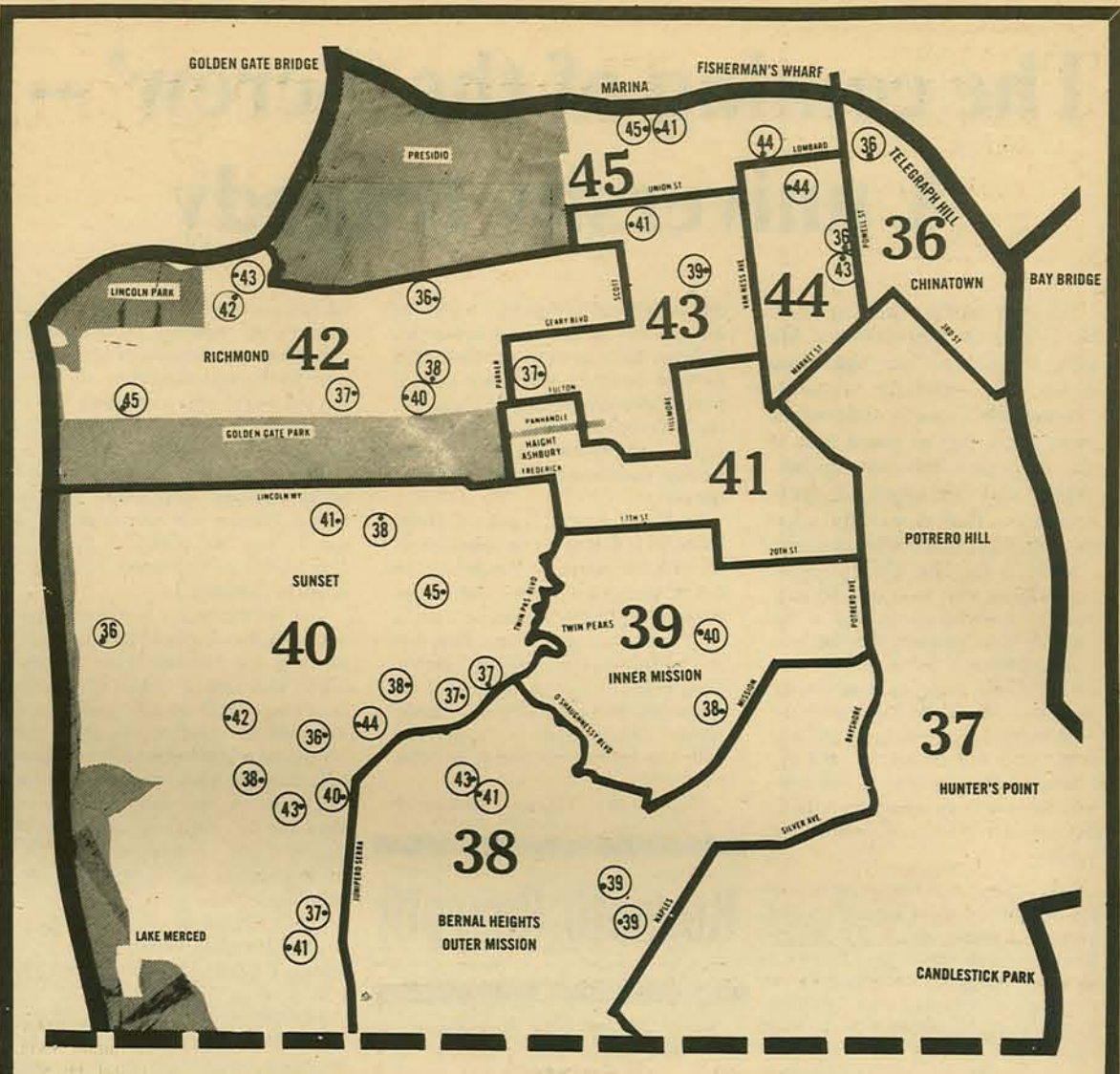
The 3-A deferment is granted when induction "would cause extreme hardship for dependents." About the same number of 3-A deferments were granted by boards 40 and 37. To determine what "extreme hardship" is would seem to demand a sympathetic understanding of the applicant's life-situation.

Yet, on board 37, we have an editor, two lawyers, a sales manager and a State Education Commission member—none of whom lives in the district—deciding what is "hardship" for ghetto-raised young men.

IT has been argued that, though upper income areas yield more student deferments, lower income areas have many more men rejected as physically or mentally unfit—because of inadequate nourishment, medical care or education. It balances out, some argue. A rather curious balance perhaps—"privileged" versus "underprivileged" deferments—but a balance.

In San Francisco, it is not even a balance. To take one example, many more Sunset than Hunter's Point registrants were classified 1-Y or 4-F. Are we to assume young men in the Sunset are more poorly educated and less healthy than those in Hunter's Point?

Though the Sunset board serves a population 25% larger than the Hunter's Point board, the Hunter's Point board called 125 for induction from January through October, 1967. Only 72 were called out of the Sunset. About the same number from each district entered the Armed Forces this year, meaning that more enlisted from the Sunset. But—another inequity—young men from the Sunset



Legend

- ◆ SAN FRANCISCO'S 10 draft boards are enclosed by bold lines. Each is identified by the large numerals.
- ◆ CIRCLED numerals indicate the residence of the city's 40 draft board members. The small dot fixes the precise address. (Two are not listed: Henry M. Buckley (43), who lives in San Rafael; Joseph M. Nannan (42), whose address is nowhere to be found.)
- ◆ NUMERALS inside each circle show the board each member serves. Thus, you can determine which members live in which districts—for example: nobody serving on the Bernal Heights board (38) lives in the district. Those living in 38 serve on boards 39, 41 and 43.
- ◆ TO determine who your draft board members are and where they live, use Table 1 (p 2) to get their names and addresses, then find their residences on this map.

more often went in as ROTC-trained officers or six month reservists. Most Hunter's Point youths went in as two year draftees.

(INCIDENTALLY, 15 of the 40 board members live in the Sunset.) San Francisco draft boards are unrepresentative, and serious injustices result. But what about the "personal" treatment each registrant gets?

In 1967, my investigation showed that the Hunter's Point board averaged 260 decisions per meeting, the Sunset board more than 300. The boards meet once a month for one day.

Justice Weinberger said the boards usually meet about "three to four hours" on that day. James Allen of the Sunset board, largest in the city, says his board meets a minimum of three hours. During this time, he says, not only will the classifications be decided, but also special written requests are considered and an average of five or six personal appearances accepted.

At its Oct. 19 meeting, Allen's board considered 739 cases, granting 437 student deferments. Assuming it worked overtime, say six hours, it spent an average of less than 30 seconds deliberating each decision.

San Francisco boards roughly averaged less than one minute per case during meetings since January. This figure is based (Table 3) on the average number of decisions per meeting (220), divided by an estimated 3½ hours per meeting (Justice Weinberger's figure).

Until an attorney subpoenas the minutes of a draft board meeting, as was done recently in Los Angeles, it will be impossible to determine precisely how little time is spent on each case. In one meeting, the Los Angeles attorney found, a board zipped through 673 cases in four hours—an average of 21 seconds per case.

How do our draft boards weigh all factors, and make considered judgments, on such life-and-death matters in such a short period of time?

I put the question to Mrs. Lee. If board members need more time, she said, they schedule another meeting. My investigation of posted board minutes, I told her, showed that no board had had an extra meeting since January and that each seemed to be able to get along within the 30 seconds-only per case policy. Did her records show any extra meetings?

She couldn't produce any. A couple of more tough questions later, Mrs. Lee's voice broke. "I have two sons in Vietnam, one in the Navy and one in the Army," she said. "I don't like it either." "I can't talk to you anymore." She hung up.



Grace Spring

Decision load of SF draft boards*				
Local board	Meetings (from January, 1967 through November, 1967)	Total number of decisions	Avg. number of decisions per meeting	Max. number of decisions per meeting
36	5	500	100	300
37	10	2600	260	400
38	10	3550	355	600
39	11	2500	230	320
40	12	3600	300	739
41	10	1500	150	220
42	10	2800	280	480
43	10	1500	150	250
44	11	1500	140	200
45	4	730	180	220
TOTAL	93	20,780	220	739

*Compiled from the posted minutes of San Francisco draft boards in the Federal Building, 100 McAllister St.

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The coming of the 'Screw' -- A university tragedy

All over North America, from McGill to the University of Mexico, the screws are tightening down on student dissent. "Screw" of course is underworld slang for a prison guard and, if the antagonism between administration and dissenting students continues, that is exactly what the administrators will become.

Many in fact are already. Chancellor Roger Heyns is not the only head of a university trained in the cops. It is no accident that the best recommendation for handling both unruly young people and dissenting ideologies should be undergraduate work in the O.S.S. - C.I.A., and graduate degrees from the W.P.A. Genocide Project (the Rand Corporation) and from industries manufacturing anti-personnel rockets and napalm.

Nor is there any reason to be surprised that the older generation, the parents of those now in college, approve of such custodians for their sons and daughters. The San Francisco and Cambridge votes on war, and the various polls, indicate that about two thirds of the American people are consciously, deliberately, viciously immoral, and not only immoral, but fools. They are enthusiastically in favor of policies which can lead only to their own extinction.

To quote from the cover of the Dec. 9 Saturday Review, "If fools and folly rule the world, the end of man in our time may come as a rude shock, but it will no longer come as a complete surprise." So said Abdul Rahman Pazhwak, past president of the U.N. General Assembly.

Now, Dr. Pazhwak is an Afghan and Afghans are supposed to be a barbarous people with scant respect for law, life, property or truth. Afghanistan, however, shows no desire to drop nuclear bombs on New Delhi, Teheran, Karachi. The Pushto-speaking peoples are not engaged in a genocidal war against the Mongols of the Tibetan border.

The King of Afghanistan is not the laughing stock of the world because of a pathological inability to ever tell the truth. Afghanistan does not have a confiscatory tax policy and planned inflation aimed at its middle class citizens, nor does it have a deliberate

depreciation of its currency with base metals, nor do its racial minorities feel they have no other recourse than to burn down its cities, nor does it have a monstrous army of pistol-toting PhDs in well-shined shoes, tweed jackets and Phi Beta Kappa keys subverting governments at the ends of the earth.

Afghanistan, alas, is not a civilized country. It will never be able to murder 600,000 people in a month as the C.I.A.-supported forces did in Indonesia or smash the entire culture of a friendly country and imprison and torture every cultivated person Left, Right or Center, as the C.I.A.-supported junta is doing in Greece. Hence, Afghanistan is as popular with the hippies as Nepal or Montreal.

Guatemala, Ghana, Indonesia,

Kenneth Rexroth

Greece, Spain—if the American police state can do what it has done in those countries, who could be so foolishly optimistic as to believe it will not do the same thing to its own citizens? If the C.I.A. can force one of its own employees into the key office of Mayor of West Berlin, why should it be assumed that American universities can resist?

Anywhere in the world the purpose of the university is to train bureaucrats. The rest is rhetoric, and if examined closely, whether the rhetoric of Cardinal Newman or Alfred North Whitehead, it is apparent that disinterested scholarship or devotion to humane ideals are simply complicated synonyms for "an enlightened administrative caste."

An administrative caste is exactly what a majority of students at a university wants to become, and most of them don't give a damn whether it's enlightened or not. What they want are soft jobs, security and more interesting careers than their parents. Only a minority will even get that. But it is an even smaller minority who take seriously the lofty moral propaganda of the philosophers of education.

These latter people have become a serious menace to the enormous arm-

ed bureaucracy which imprisons and tortures the scholars of Greece on one hand and subsidizes a chain of fake intellectual magazines throughout the world where renegade Marxists carry on complicated moral debates with dissatisfied Catholics.

This is a good measure, a good prognosticating instrument for the future. Dissent will be tolerated if it can fit into the policy of Preuves, Der Monat, or Encounter. If it can't, it will be eliminated.

Our contemporary world-wide police state has learned from the mistakes of the Moscow trials and the Hitler blood purges. Ideas don't really matter. Only actions matter and even the most subversive ideas can always be organized in such a fashion that they dissipate themselves in inaction or, if that cannot be done, they can be taken over and used as provocations to repression, simply by irrationally accelerating the demand for action.

History is not moral. It is a Marxist and Hegelian delusion that it is. Things do not always turn out right just because they turn out. In fact the evidence all about us is that history is drawing to a close. We are entering the Apocalypse and everything is turning out wrong.

As repression shuts down over the colleges and the universities of America it will be with the authority of history in loco parentis. This is what two thirds of the population of students and parents want. If we are going to discuss the morality of the conflict now going on on the campuses we leave the realm of historical facts and enter a transcendental region.

If a parent is morally responsible for his child and delegates his authority, he is obligated to make sure that authority is wise and good and will insure that the child is kept from manifest and grievous evil. It is obvious, then, what the role of a university administration acting in loco parentis should be.

A college president who permits young people to enlist in an armed force manifestly guilty of gross violation of the standards of civilized warfare and engaged in a patently unjust war (laying aside the question whether such things today are not contradictions in terms), a college president who permits the recruit

—continued on page 5

INSIDE

BRIEFS
FROM HERE
AND
THERE

"Were you happy to receive the notice eliminating your Dental Plan without any forewarning?"

This odd quote from an angry letter brought the season's most unusual Christmas tidings to more than 30,000 carpenters in 46 Northern California counties. They are the victims of an unexpected vote on Nov. 21 by the Board of Trustees of the Carpenters Health and Welfare Fund to discontinue as of Dec. 1, the fund's two-year contract with the California Dental Service.

The letter came from Joe O'Sullivan, financial secretary and business representative of Local 22 in San Francisco. "The question is which fringe benefits will be eliminated next if we accept this?" he said.

O'Sullivan points to the "bosses" as the culprits. Seven members of the Board are "employer trustees," and all seven voted against the dental care plan, covering union members and their dependents.

All seven "employee trustees"—union leaders—voted yes. But the union has to move to renew such benefit plans, and a deadlock vote means defeat.

Several rank and file members told the Guardian they theorized the employers have jettisoned this plan to gain bargaining leverage for next June, when the union's three-year contract ends. Contractors' representatives deny this.

Whatever the motives of the contractors, a further question persists: Why didn't the union trustees let the rank and file know what was going on earlier?

One trustee, C. R. Bartalini, powerful Northern California district secretary, had hinted as early as last June that "we'll be lucky to keep what benefits we have. In fact, if you know anyone who needs dental work, tell them to do it before Dec. 1." But he made these remarks at a district conference—always sparsely attended—and few carpenters got the word.

Some who did were in Local 36 (Richmond and Fremont). They asked their business agent, Al Thoman, about it. Thoman said in effect, "No truth to it. Don't worry about a thing."

So they didn't worry—until Bartalini showed up at a Nov. 2 meeting of Local 36 and announced that the seven employer trustees would vote against renewing the plan. Bartalini said he was trying to persuade one trustee to change his vote.

Local 36 organized a picket line for the Nov. 21 meeting—at Sixth and Market Sts. in San Francisco. Some members of San Francisco Locals 2146 and 483 were also there.

As Bartalini entered the meeting, he told picketers they didn't need to come, that he was sure two employee trustees would switch their votes and the plan would pass.

When he walked out, Bartalini was muttering about a "doublecross." Angry not only at the "bosses," but also at the union trustees, a handful of men from Local 36 and other Bay Area locals put together a mimeographed ramp newsletter called The Bay Area Carpenters News—"published by the rank and file." (No publisher or writers were identified in the little eight-page paper, but there were phone numbers and an Emeryville post office box number—8692.) The News summarized events.

"What is to be learned from this affair? First, that the days when our problems could be solved by wheeling and dealing at the top without the membership being involved are over. Second, that the only way for carpenters to find out about their affairs is for us to have our own paper."

Both statements obviously refer to Bartalini. With the rank and file seething, enter O'Sullivan. His letter called for a mass protest meeting at the Cow Palace at 10 a.m. on Friday (Dec. 29).

Friday is a "short-work day"—carpenters work from 8 a.m. till noon and will lose only a few hours pay if they attend. O'Sullivan expects 12,000 to 15,000 to attend. And O'Sullivan's Local 22 is footing the bill for mailing and for Cow Palace rental.

One unanswered question concerns the fund itself. O'Sullivan's letter claims it is "without question financially sound"—so why cut the dental care payments? But the "rank and file" newsletter charged that employers are \$2 million in arrears in payments to the Fund.

It should be an interesting meeting.

Luke O'Reilly

Today's short course on the state of San Francisco journalism concerns the outgoing mayor Jack Shelley, the incoming mayor Joe Alioto and a few gilded Democrats in between.

The Democrats in between put together a juicy financial package for Shelley (to be paid to an employer to keep Shelley in a comfy post until his government pension comes due) so that he could gracefully resign from the mayor's race and clear the field for Alioto. (Details, Oct. 31 Guardian.)

It was the major story of the election: it was a lot of money for what amounted to a political payoff. It was put together secretly by a handful of powerful establishment Democrats, it tainted the man going out, the man coming in and the job itself. It was, as they used to say at Hanno's, a good story.

However, only The Bay Guardian printed the story about the deal. More: only a radio reporter asked Jack Morrison about it (after he tried, unsuccessfully, to make it a campaign issue as the third mayoralty candidate); no media people asked The Guardian about it after publication; hardly anyone in the media assigned a reporter to look into it, as far as a Guardian poll could tell.

Why? "To try to find out. The Guardian put two questions to the city's major news media: Did you look into the Shelley-Alioto deal? Why not? The results:

At the Chronicle, Abe Mellinkoff, executive city editor, wouldn't discuss either question. "I am not the spokesman for the Chronicle," said he, shunting the reporter off to the man he said was: Hubert Buell, Chronicle promotion (repeat: promotion) director.

Why didn't the Chronicle cover it? "I haven't the slightest idea," said Buell. Did he know anything about it? "I don't know anything about any deal." Did he read The Guardian story? He saw the headline, but thought it was all "pretty silly." He didn't read the story? "It didn't interest me."

Why are you calling me? Buell asked. "The Guardian ran the story. We're just wondering why the Chron didn't pick it up?"

You answered your question, said Buell. You already ran the story. Do you assume a story's been covered if another paper runs it? "No, No," Buell said. "We dig up our own stories."

Did you dig on this one? "Maybe we investigated and didn't find anything on it." But did you? I don't know. I don't sit in on the editorial conferences. We have a lot of facts we don't publish."

"What you're doing," Buell concluded, "is accusing us of being part of a big plot." Other comments:

GAYLE COOK (Examiner city editor): "I don't have anything to discuss on that subject. I just don't have anything to say to The Bay Guardian."

JERRY BUNDSEN in Herb Caen's office: "You never know what makes an item around here. Nobody told him (Caen) not to. We just never had any firm stuff on it. If somebody came in here with some documented evidence, like he (Shelley) got X amount of dollars, or had such and such a job at Stanford Research Institute, it would have been different."

DON REED (UPI bureau manager): All he knew, he said, was that Shelley and Alioto had "a little meeting." A local political deal is "the least of our worries." UPI "does not play super-sleuth on these things," but carries "primarily what the Examiner and Chronicle and the rest of them had."

ROGER GRIMSBY (KGO-TV): Said he was aware of rumors of a deal, but found nothing to document them. "If you find something similar, give us a ring and we'll be glad to plug it for you," he said.

EVAN WHITE (KRON assignment editor): KRON had "referred to it in some of our stories... did not consider doing anything like The Guardian did."

ART WAKELEE (KNBR news director): "didn't seem much to back it (the deal) up. . . . We seldom pick up these things because we would have to get the story from our staff. We don't usually lift from other publications."

ROLAND POST (KPIX news reporter): "I'd heard stories about it all the time... we couldn't establish that there was" (a deal).

PAUL LEE (AP news editor): It was "not exactly a wire-service story." "Just for fun, substitute Phil or John Burton for Alioto. Then imagine the news play for a Burton/Shelley deal in the local press. God save us all!"

City's diseases ignored

San Francisco is a diseased city. And its diseases are receiving only token symptomatic treatment or are being ignored entirely.

Major segments of the city's people—the poor, the Negro, the Mexican-American, the hippie, the alcoholic, the other drug abusers—are receiving third rate medical care for acute illness or injury and almost no preventive services.

These people are supposed to be served by the City-County Health Department operating under Chief Administrative Officer Thomas Mellon (a co-equal under our antiquated charter with the mayor and board of supervisors) but instead this department serves conventional problems of the middle class and has dedicated itself, at its worst, to mediocrity and bureaucracy.

San Francisco currently has major epidemics of alcoholism, cigarette smoking, amphetamine abuse and other drug problems; syphilis and gonorrhea; hepatitis; cirrhosis of the liver (our fourth leading cause of death); malnutrition; and illegitimacy. The Negro infant death rate is three times the rate for white infants.

Negro ghettos are rat-infested and their sanitary facilities in the substandard housing are grossly inadequate—in marked contrast to what was found in the well-publicized war on the hippies waged by the health and police departments working in

Dr. Joel Fort

close cooperation. Still another major health (and aesthetic) problem inadequately dealt with is air pollution.

Obviously, those with the power to remedy this tragic situation prefer things as they are and have no intention to act, especially since a conspiracy of silence protects the governing triumvirate of the Health Department. The inefficient and medieval management of the county hospital, emergency rooms and clinics results in many needless deaths and constant herding, processing and waiting for sick patients.

The new hospital, as approved by the voters, will in no way improve things and may make them worse by obscuring what really needs to be done. Physical and mental illness are being produced by our society and its leaders at a far faster rate than even ideal health care could manage, let alone the substandard care now available.

Promising remedies, such as a special health center for the poor, health screening units and a \$1,000,000 federally financed narcotics rehabilitation center, have all been blocked by city health officials. The city's only innovative health program in recent decades is the Center for Special Problems which

managed to reach the poor, minority groups and the hippies while specializing in sex, drug, criminal and suicidal problems.

The same quality of medical and total health care now available to the more affluent in our society must be provided for all other segments. Contrary to the official position of our health bureaucrats and the medical associations, health care must be considered a basic right, not a special privilege. San Francisco not only needs more doctors and nurses, but it needs doctors and nurses sympathetic to the needs of the deprived and geographically accessible to them. Comprehensive medicine, including full preventive education and services, should be taken to the consumer.

The structure and function of the Health Department must be totally reorganized if this is to be accomplished. Local resources should be creatively blended with state and federal aid to provide an integrated program.

Mobile clinics, computer technology, group medical practice and health advertising all can be used. But imagination, dedication and leadership are needed most of all.

Fort-Notes

◆ Will the press, police and politicians still be obsessed with marijuana when the hydrogen bombs fall?

◆ Will Mayor Alioto force charter reform and reorganization of the city's impotent governmental structure—the only way he can become the truly strong and effective Mayor he says he would like to be?

◆ An optimist believes this is the best of all possible worlds. The pessimist believes the optimist is right.

◆ The growing extremism of the left and right (each feeding on the other) is not only destructive of the individual and of society but is preventing creative or meaningful social change.

My best wishes for a happy and thoughtful holiday season.

Every day is like Christmas to three Vietnamese children in a San Francisco hospital



Thuy



Ba



Nhon

By Daille Rupnik

(Miss Rupnik, a free lance film and magazine writer, is the only journalist to interview the three war-wounded Vietnam children being treated in San Francisco. She spent several hours with them at Mount Zion hospital.)

The little girl with no lips was saying, "I was studying at home with friends one day. A grenade came into the house. I don't know where it came from."

Her name is Nguyen Thi Thuy, and she is seven years old. She is one of three victims of the Vietnam war who is being treated in San Francisco's Mount Zion Hospital.

Because of the medical crisis in South Vietnam (Guardian, June 29, 1967), and the crippling shortage of medical facilities for civilian casualties, the sophisticated care they need is unavailable in their homeland.

The three were flown here by the Committee for Responsibility, a group of doctors and laymen formed last November to provide specialized medical care in the U.S. for war-maimed children.

THUY'S parents and six brothers and sisters live in Nam Hoa hamlet, one of the few Catholic hamlets in South Vietnam. In 1953 her family migrated from North Vietnam. That was seven years before she was born.

One moment steaming with energy, by the next moment shy as a doe, Thuy has the fragile beauty of an Oriental child: small bones, expressive wide face, dancing eyes, swinging dark hair.

YOU CAN almost forget that, instead of a mouth, she has a ring of scars. To close her mouth, she sticks her tongue in the hole. The grenade also ripped two fingers off her left hand.

Thuy speaks through an interpreter, a young Vietnamese woman called Miss Thoa. Nguyen Thi Ngoc Thoa, her full name, was an organizer for youth groups in Vietnam before coming to the U.S. with the children. She is friend, mother, interpreter; she explains what the doctors are planning to do next, so the children will not be frightened; she cooks Vietnamese food for the children.

That's what Miss Thoa was doing—cooking in the kitchen of the internists' quarters—when I got off the elevator at Mount Zion and was led by Thuy to Miss Thoa and the two other children, both boys, both 14. Miss Thoa introduced me to them. Nguyen Van Ba is from a hamlet in

central South Vietnam, in Quang Nam Province, near a U.S. Army base. His father is a farmer; he has four younger brothers and sisters. He and his friends sold beer to G.I.'s, he said, and sometimes would cook for them.

HIS STORY is like Thuy's. "I was at home when I was injured. A grenade hit the house." Does he know where the grenade came from? "No."

Ba was brought to the U.S. for a urethral graft, after treatment in Vietnam had failed. His surgery here has been a success, and he is the best healed of the children. An intravenous stand is always at his side; one tube goes into his bladder, another goes out. Ba rolls the stand everywhere he goes, with the nonchalance of a man carrying an umbrella.

Ba can't speak English, but he understands it a little and listens to conversations around him. Well-mannered, he helps Miss Thoa iron and cook, and he jokes with Thuy and the other boy, Tran Huu Nhon. Sometimes, he pushes Nhon's wheelchair with his free hand.

Nhon is as old as Ba, but weighs only 43 pounds. His mother and two sisters live in a hamlet in Tay Ninh Province. "My father died from an illness. He was a brick worker."

About a year ago, Nhon and his grandfather were in a car, carrying bricks to Saigon, 90 kilometers away. "It was the sixth day before Vietnamese New Year," Nhon said. "We were going to buy clothes, and material for New Year." The car hit a mine, and Nhon's grandfather was killed.

NHON HAS gasoline burns over 30% of his body, and his right hand is gone through amputation. He has septic arthritis in his right leg.

Since the province hospital didn't have facilities to care for him, his mother took him to Saigon. He spent 11 months there. Skin grafts were attempted, but didn't take.

When Nhon arrived at Mount Zion, he had to have a complete blood transfusion—so much serum had been lost because of the unhealed burns. Now he has had the first stages of skin grafting. He is yet to be fitted with an artificial hand, which he must then learn to use.

Nhon's care will take longer than Thuy's or Ba's, and part of the reason is Nhon's malnutrition. The skin is tight on his bones, his huge kneecaps look deformed in relation to his tiny legs. A large open sore sprawls across his forehead, his eyes are the eyes of someone who has been close to death many times. When he smiles, his smile is beautiful, but the eyes remain sad.

Nhon, Ba and Thuy don't know who wounded them, and it doesn't really matter. They are wounded, and they are three of the lucky ones. They are alive and well cared for.

Many, many others died before they could get to hospitals, or died in hospitals that were poorly equipped, or live with horribly maimed bodies because special care is not available quickly enough, doctors visiting Vietnam report.

THE COMMITTEE of Responsibility chose Thuy, Nhon and Ba as its first group of children to come to the U.S. Thuy, Nhon and Ba had "stabilized wounds"—that is, they could live through the time it took to make all the arrangements to get them here.

As victims of a war under heavy criticism in the U.S., the children were in a difficult position. The South Vietnamese government was reluctant to approve the program. If wounded children stay in South Vietnam, nobody has to see them. In the U.S., they could be on public view and this could stir more anti-war indignation.

It took months of tough political negotiations for COR, including two sorties of U.S. doctors into Vietnamese bureaucracy, to get approval of the program. The Committee carefully avoids publicizing the children—an early decision so that maximum effort could be devoted to bringing children to the U.S. for medical, not political, purposes. Further children's visas must come from South Vietnam.

Miss Thoa, the three children and I sat eating and talking. The phone rang. The children had to go back to their room for an examination. The five of us trooped back. Miss Thoa pushed Nhon in his wheelchair. I opened doors. Ba rolled his intravenous stand. Thuy ran ahead, beside, behind. A grotesque parade.

After the examination, the doctor told Miss Thoa what to explain to the children. Then back to the internists' quarters to finish dinner. In the elevator, a man tickled Nhon, then asked us, "Korean children?" No, Vietnamese.

CHRISTMAS? No special plans have been made. Thuy, Ba and Nhon get so much attention, so many flowers and gifts, that every day is like Christmas in their room.

The girl with no lips.
The boy who may someday be able to walk—and someday even run—without a machine hooked into his side.
The huge eyes of tiny Nhon.
Do you know where it came from?
"No."

Rexroth

—continued from page 4

ment of young men and women for the manufacture of chemicals designed to inflict upon primarily civilian populations the most hideous death by torture—such a college president is guilty of the gravest possible mortal sin.

Acting in loco parentis and with more information, responsibility and intelligence than most parents, his place is at the gate of his university interposing himself with his very body and life to the taking over of the youth entrusted to his charge by organized murder, torture and terror.

It is perfectly obvious that, under Rin Tin Tin, Regents and trustees of California's system of higher education have been taken over by the war-making police state. The San Francisco newspaper represented on the Board of Regents has the shameless and shameful effrontery to run editorial after editorial apologizing for the illiterate terrorists now destroying Greece. The newspaper's representative on the Board of Regents has swung full circle and today supports every reactionary measure emanating putatively from Rin Tin Tin but in fact from Lyndon Baines Johnson.

P's woes

THE harsh get-the-hell-out-NOW wording of Proposition P was not the only reason for the anti-Vietnam-war resolution's failure to get more than 36.6% of the vote in last month's San Francisco elections.

P backers were counting on a heavy yes-vote in black areas like the Fillmore and Hunter's Point districts, and strong showings in other "fringe areas" like the Haight-Ashbury and parts of the Mission.

The black areas and the Haight-Ashbury did vote for P, but not heavily enough. And the Mission was lost.

"They expected 70% from black areas without a black face making policy and without a black organization consulted on the nature of the proposition," says Jim Gillette, a San Franciscan who has worked for civil rights groups like S.N.C.C. and N.A.A.C.P. and who worked hard for P.

WHEN Gillette, a Negro, asked the San Francisco State College Black Students Union for support, he won it—but just barely. And the B.S.U. said it would never again support another such proposal—no matter how "right" it was—without prior consultation.

There were other organizational problems. The 2,000 volunteers were not used effectively—in door-to-door calls, for example. Instead, the "precinct work" consisted mainly of grabbing anyone who wandered into the headquarters at 55 Colton and sending them out with a sheaf of leaflets to pass out in some shopping center.

Much of these woes doubtless were due to the short time the P people had to organize a campaign. They found out P would be on the ballot for sure only seven weeks before the election.

BUT much of the problems also were

due to the makeup of the P executive committee. The 10 members were almost all hard-line leftists—some of them from Marxist-oriented organizations like Progressive Labor and the Socialist Workers party, and some independent.

They have virtually no connections with leaders of the black community, and certainly very few connections in the Mexican-American, hippie and artistic communities. And their uncompromising stance on P's wording drove away many wavering liberals who could have bolstered their cause less militantly.

As it stands now, the peace movement in the Bay Area is a kind of microcosm of the peace movement in the U.S. In the case of resistance activities, such as the sit-ins at the Oakland Induction Center, do you join the non-violent ones being hauled limply off to jail, or do you provoke policy brutality and affirm violence as a technique?

IN the case of such resolutions as P, do you "compromise" on the wording and draw in anti-war sentiment among the general populace, or do you insist that the only realistic course is to repeat get-out-now, get-out-now?

The P-hard-liners almost unanimously count the 36.6% as a victory. To the Marxists, the election "promoted Marxist consciousness." To the independents, it "educated" the general populace about taking a stand on the war issue.

One independent hard-liner, Sid Schiffer, a member of P's executive committee, says,

"You can't look at it like a baseball game. It's not a question of winning or losing. The resolution stated a hard-nosed, uncompromising position, and more than one-third of the voters of a major city were compelled to express a view totally divergent with that of the Administration."

But Gillette's wife Joyce, who also worked hard for P, disagrees. "San Francisco has a reputation as a liberal city. A two-thirds vote against withdrawal can only have a bad effect on the peace movement."

And Jim Gillette adds, "Not only that, but Johnson will use this vote as an argument to escalate the war." —Wood

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So this is revolution....

By William Anderson

San Francisco poet William Anderson, a Negro, runs the poetry readings at the I/Thou Coffeehouse on Haight St. He has been active in civil rights causes and is also an educational consultant.

Wednesday, December 6, 1967, San Francisco State College. This campus is like a setting for a documentary called, "Where is the battle?"

12:50 p.m. Hundreds of people, almost all of them white, are clustered before the steps of the Administration Building. A black man speaks softly, pleadingly over an inadequate loud speaker. The movement needs either good voice systems or it needs Malcolm X again. As the black man talks, I hear the sound of glass breaking.

The Poetry Center is holding an event, "The Community of Poets," in the Gallery Lounge; that's why I'm on campus. Heading for the lounge I cross the big, green lawn, full of people. A group of hippies sits on the wet grass in a circle. They wash their feet, they beat plastic drums, they chant. The lounge itself is also packed with people who have come to hear the poets read. It is one thing to preserve the values of poetry, but it is another to ignore life, so I leave.

BACK INTO the chilly air. I pass the cafeteria, which has already been 'assaulted' by the black students and is now closed. I hear what sounds like a shot, and a white woman, presumably a liberal, begins to cry. As

her face crumples, she tugs at her escort's arm and they run from the sound.

From in front of the cafeteria you can see much of the campus. A swirl of people moves from the Administration building steps, past the library, to the lower end of the campus. This is like Stendhal's description of the battle of Waterloo. Nothing clear happens. Instead of even, crisp lines of soldiers, there are only weeping and walking women. Almost everybody is white.

A fight breaks out on the grass. Somebody says the black students are after the cameramen. A white man is knocked to the ground, sticks rise and fall, people curse and scream. But no more than 20 or 30 men are scuffling. As the action moves toward me, the whites move away, terrified by the threat of violence.

After a few minutes the fights break up and soon a squad of blacks struts by. One man carries a roll of film. He holds it to the sky, turning to his friend. "There's you and there's me, big as life. Yes sir." Fifty yards away, the hippies break into desperate song. "All you need is love. All you need is love."

THE FEEL of the campus is one of despair. Where is the battle? What is the issue? Where is the revolution?

1:30 p.m. Fire! Somebody set fire to the bookstore. We mill in front of the closed store, waiting for the fire engines to come. A big plate glass window is broken. Inside, Christmas tree ornaments are scattered in their broken iridescence. "They set fire to the greeting card section," one man

says, and the liberals around me laugh. The black students, in squads, move in the border of trees in front of the bookstore, heading for their headquarters.

This fantasy is only for the privileged, and of course the black students are themselves privileged. But here, everybody, everybody is without power or idea, even those who move hopelessly in the shrubs. If the purpose of the demonstration was to trigger an incident, how could they have chosen one which could not possibly appeal to anybody, the game too tough for the liberal, and too hincty - too distant - for the black man in the ghetto? So the white radical, the liberal, the administration officials, the blacks, watchers, hippies, poets-all of us stand, stupidly, and wait.

A FRIEND runs up. He says the poetry reading was invaded by a black student who came in the lounge and whistled until he broke the spell of the poetry. He raged at the white, literate audience, but the gentle people couldn't meet his eyes.

How can you call this revolution? How can you get from a broken door and some ruined Hallmark cards to a miracle?

God knows the black students don't know. Outside the headquarters of the BSU, 50 or a 100 people cluster. Most are white, but a few black students, the weak sun on their dark skins, try to explain their position. The blacks talk about a piece of the action and the whites look for revolutionary events. But where are the troops?

"What can I do?" asks the white radical.

"Help us tear it down," answers the black revolutionary, but where are his own people? Where are the 5,000 black people from the streets? Or 500? Or 50? The B.S.U. is reduced to trying to keep the few outsiders it brings in from looting the Bookstore.

There is a deep split between the militant black leaders and the black masses. The black revolutionaries see this. This is no time for dialogue. Black people, cadre, circulate through the crowd, ending discussion. What is the use of it?

THE FOG is coming in. Through it, the sun glows dimly, as if old and tired, giving out little heat. As I walk toward the administration building, ready to leave, I see another friend of mine, a teacher. "Come up to my office and have tea," he says. "Do we have to hate each other?"

3:30 p.m. This is no battle. If this were only a true battle, how many of us would gladly take our places! But we troops are always in the west of England, as in Shakespeare, far from the battle.

Overhead, a military jet sails majestically in the sky, it splits the campus. Walking over the grass, I pass the band of hippies, still chanting. One of them, a tall young man with long red hair and a red beard who calls himself Ishmael, leans over his plastic bucket. He has played it for hours. Every time his pale hands hit it, blood spurts off the bucket over the flattened grass.

Now the hippies join hands and begin to dance in a circle. A girl breaks from the circle, she has a bunch of flowers. She hands one to each person walking by. Nobody wants flowers, but we are all too ashamed to refuse. The girl runs up to me; she is completely stoned. From her empty face she smiles and gives me a chrysanthemum. Another girl snatches it from my hand and stamps it into the grass.

For the black men are still safe in their ghettos.

Clear voice in the turmoil

Despite an ugly attempt to stop the proceedings, the poets continued to read their poetry during the campus uproar. George Stanley's was one of the best and most appropriate:

Commencement

Our schoolroom seemed to exist at the edge of a forest. Bright, neat, we trooped in, red sweaters, fountain pens, ready. Learning the marking system, the paths.

Then, it seemed, we were no longer at our desks, but had floated into formation, outside, commencement. Then that broke up, with yelling, music. And now?

Now we know we were not learning any marking system. We are no farther away from each other now than we were then.

maybe closer. Seeing the trees.

George Stanley
(dedicated to Josephine Miles)

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Already, Alioto lays down the lines of battle

By our correspondent

Joseph L. Alioto is not yet mayor of San Francisco. He will not be until Jan. 8.

Nevertheless, in the month since he whipped Harold Dobbs and Jack Morrison, the mayor-elect has announced a myriad of radical changes and proposals.

His first step in new directions will be the inauguration itself. Alioto, for reasons that are either operative or international in nature, has chosen to move the inauguration ceremony from its traditional City Hall site to the Opera House.

THE inauguration move to the Opera House is symbolic. Of more practical nature are the new mayor's proposed culture tax on commuters and rumbles that he will shake up the oddballs on the Board of Permit Appeals.

Neither of these two ideas are particularly novel. Several recent mayors, including the now-silenced incumbent, tried without success to do something to resolve the differences between the various city departments and the too-powerful appeals board.

And as for the commuter culture tax: while the idea has widespread appeal within the city, the new mayor will face three major hurdles if he chooses to actively pursue it.

IT WOULD, in the first place, have to win the approval of the State Legislature, where San Francisco no longer enjoys its former strength in either numbers or influence. Secondly, a workable system for administering such a tax would have to be devised.

And, finally, the tax would have to be approved over the objections of the many captains of industry who live—like owners and editors of newspapers and others—in bluestocking suburban communities such as Woodside, Hillsborough, Tiburon and Ross.

Again, success in this area would be a major accomplishment for the new mayor. But don't expect it to happen.

Observers of City Hall have not been surprised by the early flow of Alioto's proposals. They believe that he has a period of grace, perhaps six months, in which to do something dramatic.

For all—or, perhaps, only part—of that time, the new mayor will find the Board of Supervisors to be a willing, cooperative, receptive body. Likewise, the city department heads and more than 22,000 employees.

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There are new rules now

By John Burks

I speak as an aging (nearly 30 now) alumnus and I say to you that San Francisco State isn't the college it used to be when I was there, no sir.

Nobody in those days went around beating hell out of the editor of The Gater, the daily newspaper, which is just as well as far as I'm concerned. Five years ago the editor was me.

There weren't any poems about anal masturbation in the weekly underground paper, possibly because there was no weekly underground newspaper.

We never worried about the prospect of guerrilla warfare on campus. Radicals in those days demonstrated against the bomb and capital punishment, and, in the main, black students were seen, but not heard. They kept in their place.

NOW all that has changed. The Civil Rights Movement has come and gone, replaced by what Stokely Carmichael calls the Resistance Movement.

Born of despair over the war, the draft, Reagan, Johnson and napalm, the new radical movement has moved beyond conventional politics — beyond orderly democratic processes of petition and appeal to the public — into disruption and guerrilla warfare.

They are not playing by the old rules.

The day after the insurgency at San Francisco State, I heard a young black student, a member of the Black Students Union, explain what the beatings and violence meant, to 2,000 fellow students at the college's outdoor Speakers Platform.

"Law and order don't mean anything to the black man," he said. "Don't mean nothing. Law and order is the white man's law because he's got the guns. It's white man's order 'cause he's got the power. But we gonna change that and we're starting now."

It was Black Students Union members who beat the 127-pound editor of The Gater, and Black Students Union leaders, working with white radicals of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and the Movement Against Political Suspensions (MAPS), who planned the violent disruptions that exploded on the State campus.

So much is happening at SF State, so many people have behaved so badly, so few have behaved well, that it's tough to sort it all out.

It wasn't good for black students to beat the editor of The Gater. If we establish a society where we beat people with whom we disagree, the membership of the Black Students Union will be among the first beaten to death.

It wasn't good of SDS to picket the Gater office in support of the black students and in favor of the beatings. The name of SDS is Students for a Democratic Society. I consider it a supreme irony that it should feel that violence directed against the media is in the best interests of a Democratic Society.

It wasn't good of the Board of Publications to move, within days of Gater editor Jim Vazko's beating, to fire Vazko from his job. He deserved better support than that, whatever his competence as editor, whatever the quality of his paper.

Black students have never said for sure, but evidently his major crime, in their eyes, was that he wrote a commentary on Muhammad Ali the semester before, calling the boxer a "clown."

SDS tipped its hand by picketing the Gater office after — not BEFORE — the beatings, with signs calling the student newspaper "racist" and several other things. White radicals will support the black radicals in anything, it seems. One Gater staffer who knows many SDS students says, "A lot of them are bitter, really very bitter, that they were not born black." There may be something to that.

Open Process, the weekly underground paper (sponsored, like the Gater, from student body funds), had gotten itself into deep trouble the year before by publishing sexy material by Jefferson Poland, the Sexual Freedom League pioneer. The heat was on, with pressure from Reagan, the state legislature and nearly everybody else. And so Open Process, for survival's sake, did something decidedly un-cool. It made a deal with the establishment.

Specifically, Open Process promised not to run any more raunchy material by Poland, and President John Summerskill agreed not to wipe it out.

If you're going to make deals, be honorable about them. Right? Stick

by them. Right? Wrong. At the peak of the furor over the Gater beatings, the Open Process staff overrode its editor, Blair Paltridge, and voted (it's a democratic paper) to publish a semi-nude photo of Poland (strategically draped with grapes) and a new Poland poem. The poem, dealing with anal masturbation, was dedicated to the head of the school's physical education department (presumably, because he had long riled the paper with letters and remarks) in a manner in which little redeeming social value could be discerned by anybody this side of the Berkeley Barb.

Poland's poem enraged Summerskill. He ordered the Board of Publications to take action. (Though, in fact, he cannot order them to do anything.) The board told Summerskill it intended to take no action, and threw the ball, forgive my humble metaphor, back to Summerskill. Who then blew all his cool and not only suspended publication of Open Process, but suspended Paltridge and Poland.

Even for SF State faculty and students who do not indulge in anal masturbation, this seemed like administrative over-kill.

It is interesting to note that the Journalism department — where freedom of expression should be next to godliness — did not lift a finger to help Open Process. This is perhaps because it claims The Gater as its product (you can get course credit for serving as a staffer), and Open Process as its competitor. Indeed, Open Process was established to combat what radicals and students at SF State's Experimental College felt were The Gater's excessively middle class establishment and/or Hearstian values.

OPEN Process has devoted a lot of space — too much, really — to attacking the Gater and its links with the Journalism faculty. But still, you'd think the Journalism department would welcome the competition. There's nothing deadlier than a monopoly press. Right? Wrong again. One faculty member invariably refers to Open Process as "Open Abscess," while another says, "I just hope we've seen the last of them."

So much for liberalism.

In the hands of radicals, dialogue has broken down at State. Case in point: Board of Publications meetings, where radical students often stop the show with shouts of "Bullshit!" and "Horseshit!" and "Why don't you shut up, you chicken-shit liberal asshole!" (Somebody should do a study on the political role of various animal feces in our scatology.)

THERE is this ugly strain of authoritarianism throughout the new radicals. They want to say their thing and to hell with you and yours.

As liberals at SF State, we were proud to have opened up the campus for free discussion. Proud to have pressured the college into establishing a Hyde Park-style speakers platform where anybody could say anything. Proud that The Gater was, or tried to be, an open forum for everybody. Proud of the inroads we made in the direction of Student Power (like putting students in charge of the SF State Foundation).

Anyway, Summerskill did appear at the Open Process-Black Students Union protest.

The bright-eyed young president listened earnestly to the protests and then proceeded to compound his difficulties.

He apologized. He said he had acted "precipitously" in suspending the Open Process people. These suspensions, good sources tell me, were forced on Summerskill, resulting from compromises with the very conservative Messrs. Dumke and Rafferty, and even, somewhat more distantly, Reagan. But now Summerskill was willing to put his job on the line, in effect, by pardoning (if I may paraphrase the Examiner) purveyors of pornographic prurience.

The Examiner called for his head. The Chronicle said Summerskill had redeemed himself. And everybody agreed with Open Process when it later called him "wishy washy."

You must realize what Summerskill really did. There were six suspended students in all: two from Open Process, both white; four from the Black Students Union, all black. Summerskill took the two white students off suspension and allowed them to remain in school. The black students' suspensions stuck, though.

TO the Black Students Union, SDS, Progressive Labor, MAPS, to all the radicals and many liberals, this tagged Summerskill as a racist, a bigot, and worse yet, an Imperialist Lackey of the Ruling Military-Industrial War Machine.

Now it may seem to you that there's a marked difference between committing bodily mayhem on your fellow man — assault, specifically, is the charge the black students face — and publishing a naughty poem. I think there's quite a difference. I think if you're going to break the rules, you must be prepared to pay the penalty.

"We must defend our rights," said Black

Students Union leader George Murray, a part-time English instructor, "by any means necessary, which means closing down the school."

Jimmy Garrett, Black Students Union off-campus coordinator, came on even stronger. He called for massive resistance. He promised to bring something between 1,000 and 5,000 black people on campus To do the job. (He got about 150, but they were enough.)

"If it is possible for this campus to function with due process for whites and not for blacks, we must do something about it," said Garrett. "If Summerskill, Dumke and the rest do away with due process they participate in racism and inhumanity if you allow them to do it. If you are serious then you had better act in a serious manner. That act should be in the fullest extent — close down the Ad Building if you are serious. You should have no hassle in tearing it up."

And that was where it was at.

You read about the disruption, and most of the reporting was accurate enough. It is true that most of the violence came from young non-student blacks, but I don't think the Black Students Union and SDS and the radicals can cop out on that count. They brought the non-students on campus to "express themselves," and so they — the radical students — are responsible for the violence. Unless that rule has been re-written, too.

It is worth noting that Summerskill caved in, said he would talk with a dozen student leaders in the final moments, just before the first windows were broken.

"There isn't anything to talk about, baby," somebody shouted. That was the tragic part of it — that any situation should become so bad on any college campus that all rational communication comes to an end.

A few notes on the riot itself: John Gerassi, the international relations lecturer who broke the first window (inadvertently, it appeared) and seemed to have been at the head of the students, wasn't. It wouldn't have made any difference what he had done: (a) been at the fore, as he was, (b) stood watching as a spectator, (c) interposed himself in front of the insurgents and told them, "Stop in the name of the law!" What happened would have happened with or without him. He seems to enjoy striking postures (The Fiery Radical, The Leader of the Revolutionary Force), so he probably will enjoy his new role as First Martyr to the Reactionary Counter-Trend when he is fired.

Vazko's "news" story in The Gater on Disruption Day certainly didn't help matters. He predicted sniping from the rooftops if the militants could hold the Ad Building until nightfall. This, under a scaring banner headline shouting "NOON SHOWDOWN," Shades of "High Noon."

Inside the Ad Building, during the mill-in, I saw countless CHE LIVES lapel buttons and copies of Regis DeBray's book in paperback. And somebody put up a sign over the main doorway that said LIBERATED AREA. Liberated from what? I asked a few people. For what? Toward what? No answers.

"Nobody knows, man," a girl with long braids told me, "but it's so great. It's really great!"

"WHERE Summerskill at? Where Summerskill at?" chanted a dozen non-student kids (they didn't look like students to me, anyway). One of them yelled "Kill-kill-kill-kill-kill." They were having a hell of a good time.

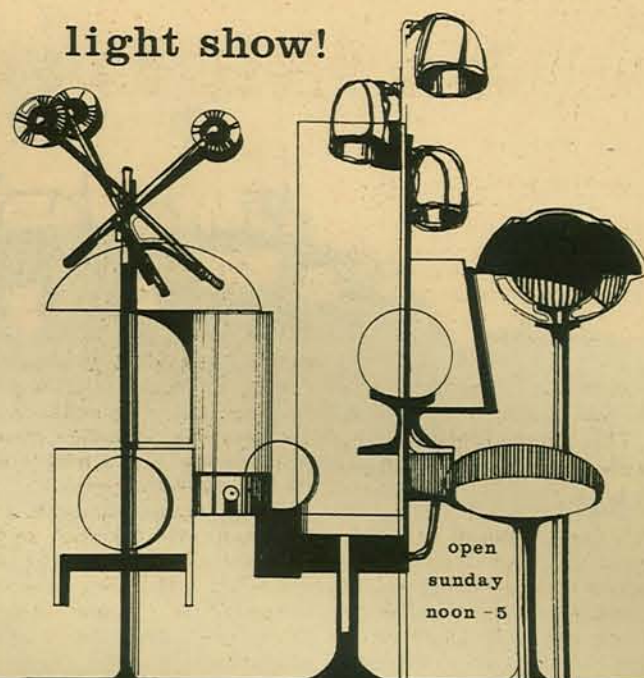
"It will," John Summerskill said later, "take leadership from all segments of the Bay Area to solve the enormous problems that exploded on this campus."

The awful part of it, speaking as an aging alumnus, is that new leadership will almost certainly come from Sacramento, from Gov. Reagan's office. And when it comes it will spell the end of all dialogue.

If Unruh and Ryan and Rafferty and the rest of them manage to fire John Summerskill, it will amount to a mercy killing.

No man of wit and intellect — and Summerskill has both — would care to reign over the kind of college Reagan (with a little help from his pals) is likely to enforce.

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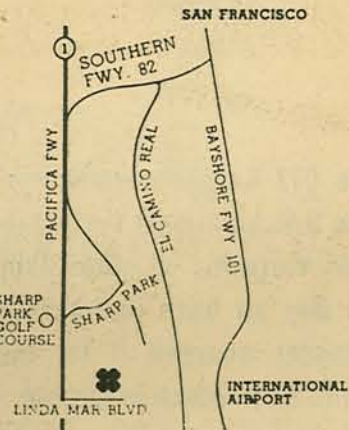
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Earl Thollander sketches

Sketches By Earl Thollander

©1967, Bay Guardian Co.

(Thollander, The Guardian's sketching assignment in South U.S. pacification team.)



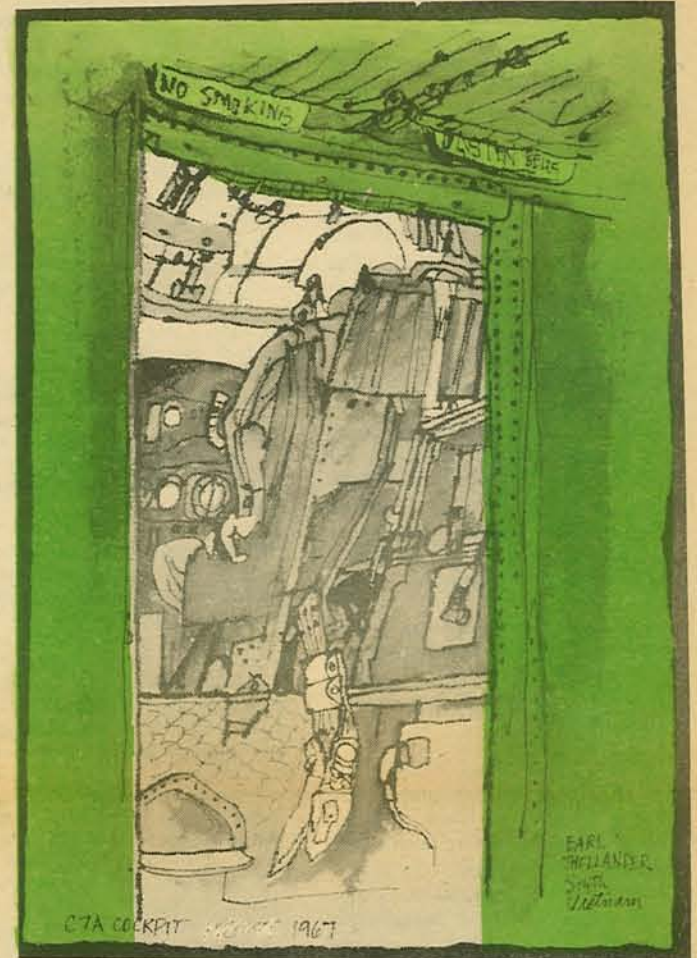
The Special Forces camp at Buon Blech, a muddy place on a muddy hill.



Supplies are quickly unloaded from the C7a Carabou—a sitting duck for Viet Cong sniper fire.

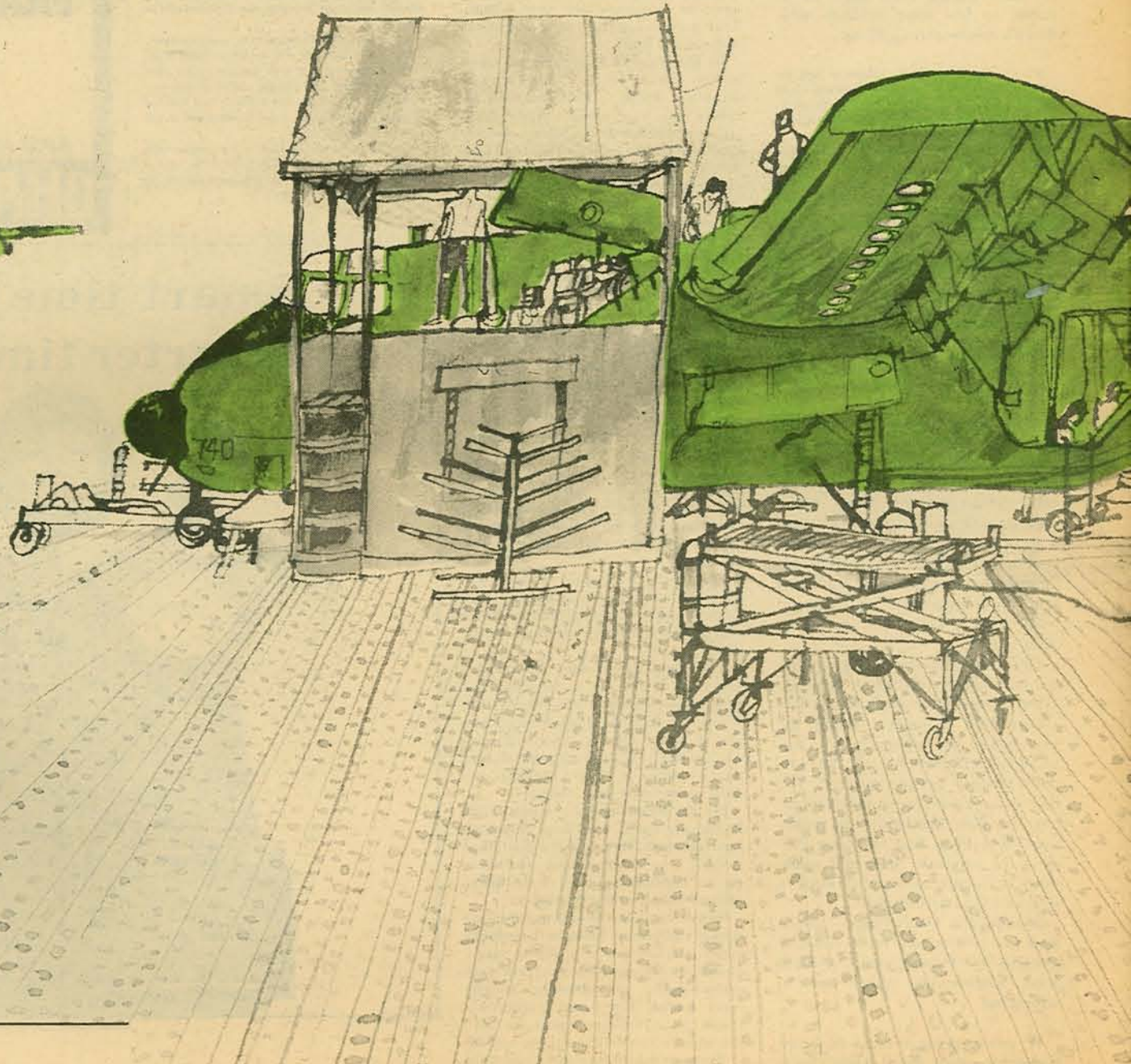


BUON BLECH, South Vietnam, is a muddy place on a muddy hill. It was an exciting jungle war that is as much in the sense of travel as in the sense of travel. Villagers peered at the head. Farmers stopped



Cockpit of the C7a Carabou. Note the pistol and knife, dangling behind the pilot in their cases.

The C7A Carabou, workhorse of the U.S. air supply system in South Vietnam, at the Cam Ranh Bay air base just before Thollander boarded it for his flight to Buon Blech in central South Vietnam. It is in a "nose dock" for repairs. This transport's short takeoff and landing capability makes it ideal for assault airlift. It was built by the Canadian de Havilland Co.



s in South Vietnam

ist-reporter, has recently returned from a special Air Force
Vietnam. Here is an exclusive report on his visit to a remote

h Vietnam--Flying beneath the rain clouds,
he way, I flew with several barrels of petrol-
to this tiny outpost of American pacification.
ride: not in the sense of flying above the
close to Bay Area politics as city hall, but
sing a lovely, peaceful green landscape with
akes, villages and rivers.

us, holding their ears, as we roared over-
their work to watch. Boys tending water
ffaloes jumped up and down with excitement.

The runway here is tough, rubberized canvas laid on mud.
is the monsoon season and everything is mud.

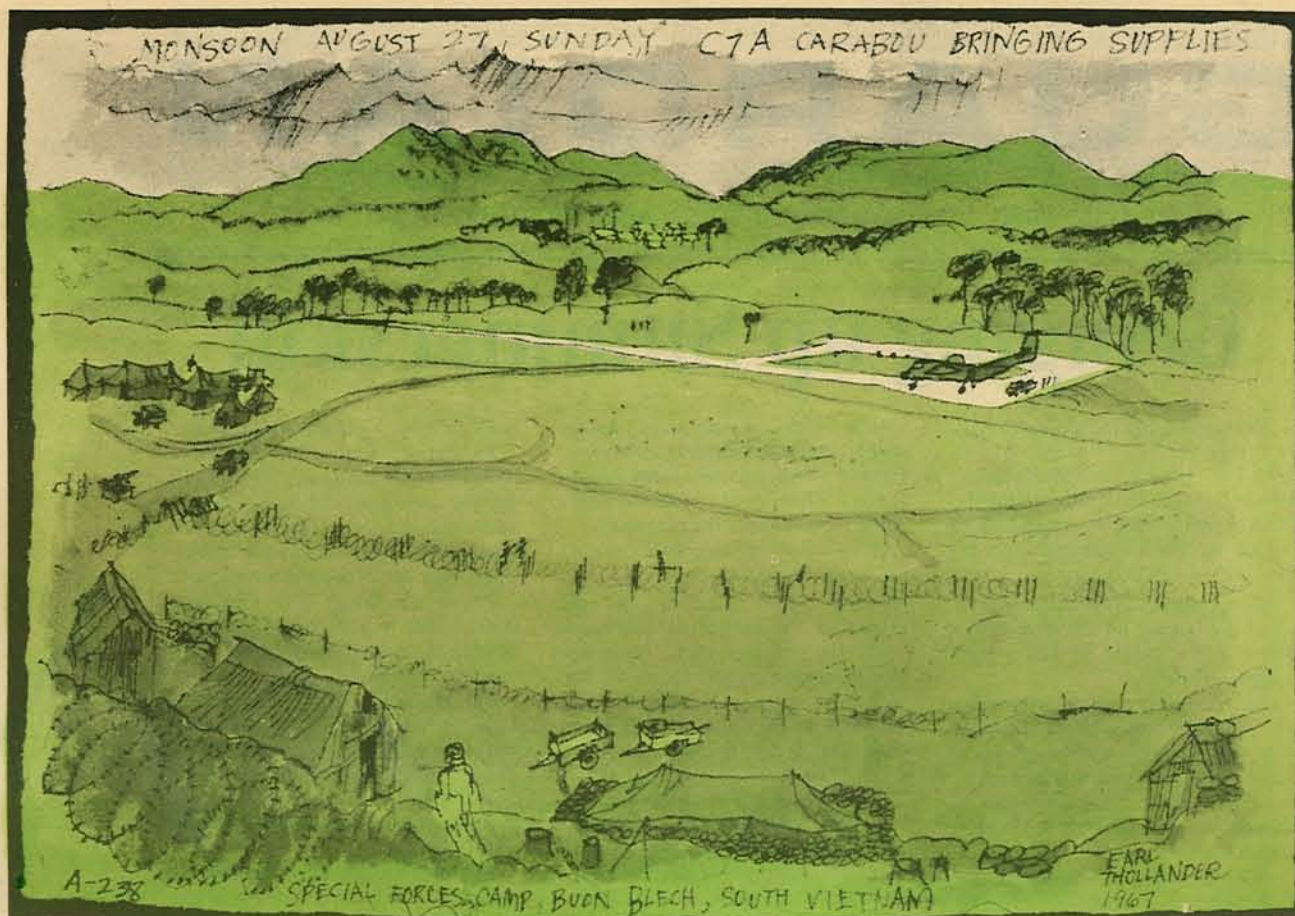
A Green Beret, with a crew of Montagnards, was on hand to
load the plane—a sitting duck for gunfire from the under-
ush—as quickly as possible.

I got in a jeep with the Green Beret and bumped up an in-
edible road to the Special Forces Camp atop the hill. I drank
cup of coffee in the dark, sand-bagged room used for a mess-
ll, then went outside and began sketching. I could hear gun-
e in the distance.

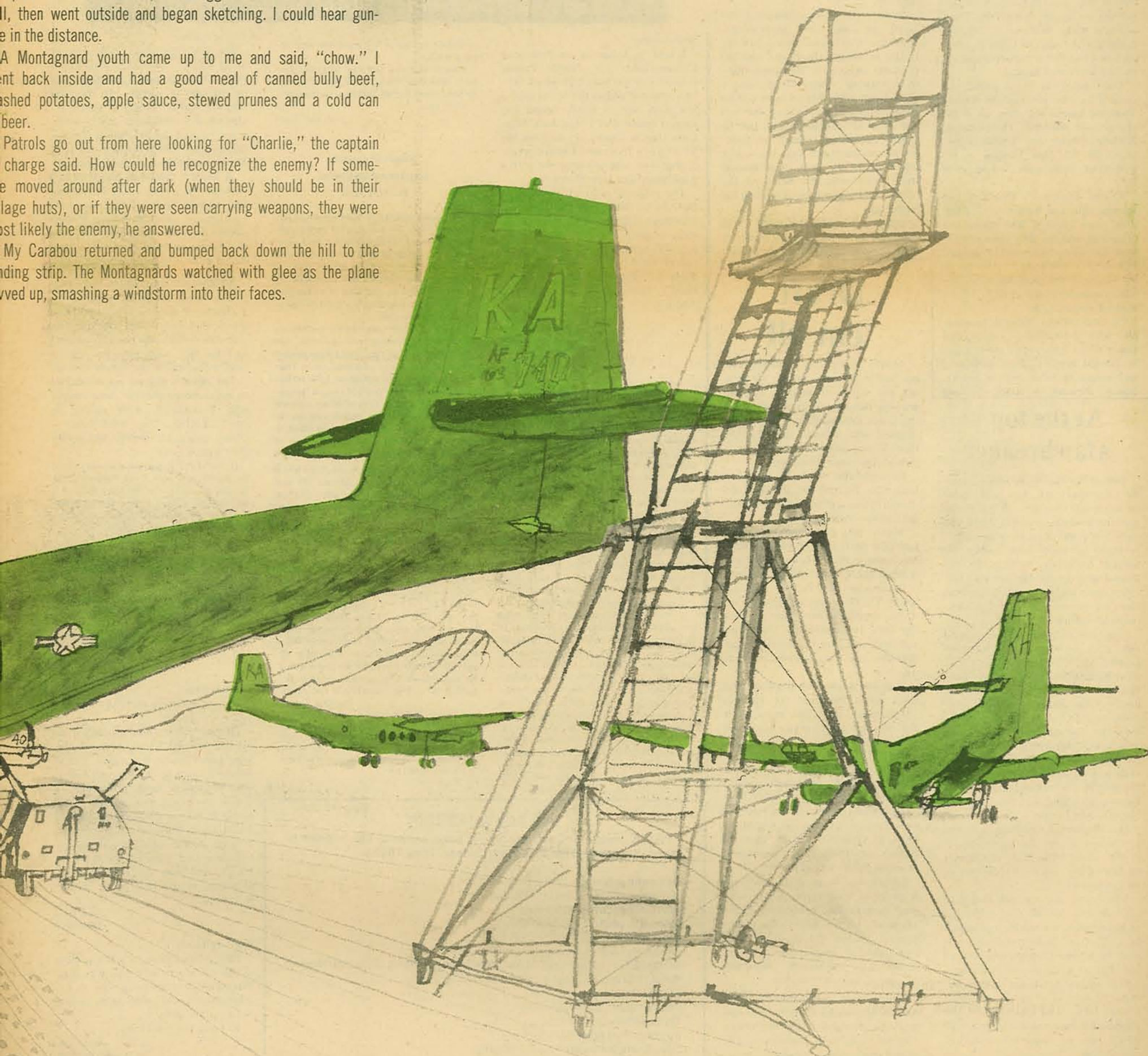
A Montagnard youth came up to me and said, "chow." I
ent back inside and had a good meal of canned bully beef,
ashed potatoes, apple sauce, stewed prunes and a cold can
beer.

Patrols go out from here looking for "Charlie," the captain
charge said. How could he recognize the enemy? If some-
e moved around after dark (when they should be in their
lage huts), or if they were seen carrying weapons, they were
ost likely the enemy, he answered.

My Carabou returned and bumped back down the hill to the
anding strip. The Montagnards watched with glee as the plane
ved up, smashing a windstorm into their faces.



The landing strip at Buon Blech from the hilltop Special Forces Camp. In the background is a Montagnard Village.



Bringing up Summerskill

Among other grand shows of political naivete, San Francisco State's John Summerskill has secretly asked James Vaszko, the Gator editor the black students beat the hell out of, to reduce the assault charge from a felony to a misdemeanor.

He appealed to Vaszko in a personal conference in the President's office at the height of last week's campus crisis.

The reason, according to those privy to Summerskill's startling appeal, was that the beleaguered president feared more "trouble on the campus" on Friday (Dec. 8) and because he thought it might lessen tensions if the charges were reduced.

(Vaszko refused to do anything. But there was nothing he could do, as any cub reporter at the police station could tell you: the charges were no longer Vaszko's to lessen or drop. They were the state's.)

Summerskill, as a college president and a man of the world, should know this. But he should also know—and this is why this incident is as disturbing as it is illuminating—that political tricks like this accomplish nothing with forces as difficult, complex and intractable (yes, totalitarian) as they are now at State.

Does he really think peace will come if the pressure is off the blacks? That the blacks will ease up if the charges are reduced? That Reagan, Rafferty, Ryan and Unruh would stand for it? That Vaszko or his pummeled colleagues would cave in?

Things don't work this way and Summerskill had better, at this late date, start learning. The reason the Guardian presses this point is that, from the first, Summerskill showed little of this solicitude for Vaszko or his staff—or the principle of a campus newspaper conducting its affairs without bloodletting.

To take but one illustrative example: when Summerskill entered the Gator office, hours after the beating, he started arguing about who was and wasn't there among the blacks. Benny Stewart, a Black Student

Union officer, wasn't there, he insisted. About that time, the pictures came in, showing Benny Stewart in action. That ended Summerskill's contentions for the moment.

If a Gator photographer hadn't taken an array of pictures, one respected faculty member told the Guardian, "I doubt if we could have made the beatings stick." Summerskill's incident report to the faculty was distorted, to say the least, and Leo Young, journalism department chairman, promptly challenged it on 11 points of fact.

The suspension of Open Process, let us note parenthetically, was another matter. Here the weekly paper printed a dirty poem (and stupidly dedicated it to a faculty critic) and broke an agreement with Summerskill never to publish such material. This merited a horselaugh, not suspensions. But it did involve publishing rights which Summerskill blithely abrogated—and which the journalism department accepted without qualms.

Summerskill later apologized and lifted the latter two suspensions. This, too, was a naive move. Not only did he enrage the blacks and the militants (who saw "discrimination" in reinstating whites for printing a dirty poem while blacks were still on suspension for the beating the hell out of a 127-pound editor), but he rightly identified himself as indecisive toward those who know just when to up the ante. And toward those who want his head on the block. And toward those looking for leadership.

Summerskill did the right thing when the day of insurgency came, by not doing anything. But the day didn't

Draft 'em all

Almost everything is wrong with our war in Vietnam, but the worst is, not the waste of money, not our growing isolation from our allies, not the gross miscalculation of national purpose and prestige, but the fact that the war has turned off a generation of American young people.

Its social cost will be taking its toll long after the mill-ins, the draft demonstrations and the beatings of student editors are forgotten.

That is why it is imperative to reform the draft system, now, when it has become such a hated and feared method of coercion among our youth.

It can start here in San Francisco where The Guardian's Eugene Hunn, in his excellent front page story on our local 10 boards, has found considerable evidence of discrimination, injustice and bureaucratic anonymity.

Did you know, for example, that draft board members are virtually anonymous? That you must go to the state selective service headquarters in Sacramento just to get their names? That only a handful of members live in the districts they represent? That only one is professionally involved with young people? That student deferments and draft exemptions come much easier in the Sunset than in Hunter's Point? That the boards zip through their meetings at a case per minute clip?

Obviously, most draft problems originate in Washington. A high-powered commission, headed by Burke Marshall, former assistant attorney general, studied the draft last year and reported, among other things, that it was "outgrown," inconsistent and occasionally unjust.

Hunn's story shows, however, that many objectionable draft features can easily be changed in San Francisco. To start with: more readily available information, more courteous treatment, more draft board meetings, more time on individual cases.

And, if it isn't asking too much, draft board members who live in the district where they draft.

have to come. That is the tragedy.

If the Open Process business hadn't blurred the issues, the blacks and the radicals would have been left with four blacks on suspension for unprovoked criminal assault: pretty small beer for a campus revolution.

These are things The Guardian doesn't like to say about a good liberal educator it has consistently supported. And still does.

But the point is now abundantly clear: If Summerskill and his faculty are to keep the peace, ward off intruders and maintain the independence of State for us all, they have got to start making the proper political distinctions.

This means distinguishing between political expedience and the political principles of free speech, assembly, press, petition and protest: that is to say, as a starter, between the beating of a student editor and the publication of a dirty poem.

To the editor . . . Dear sirs . . . To the editor . . . Dear sirs . . .

To the editor:

I was in Japan as an American Commissioner for North Pacific Fisheries when your edition of Oct. 31 came out and didn't see it until a few days ago. I highly resent the alleged quote that I told Jack Morrison that he "must get out" (of the SF mayor's race; ed.) I never operate that way, and certainly not with a good friend like Jack Morrison.

The enclosed copy of my letter of Oct. 26 to Jack with the proposed statement will give you an accurate story of what I did tell him. I hope you will agree that it constitutes excellent objective political advice. I made a substantial contribution to Jack's campaign, and none to Alioto's.

Roger Kent
(San Francisco attorney,
former state chairman
of California Democratic
Central Committee)

(Kent's letter to Morrison)

Dear Jack,

From what I read in the paper, it looks as if my prediction to you at the lunch a month ago was a good one, i.e., you might have overcome your standing in the polls at that time if you had had six months, but it was impossible to overcome in six weeks with the exceedingly limited campaign funds available to you.

I know that you and that tiger of a wife of yours will give the smallest consideration to your own future, but it is something that concerns me and concerns a great many of your other friends. It will do you nothing but harm to run and get around 20% of the vote. This would be thrown at you in many campaigns in the future.

I know that you have many friends who are deeply and emotionally involved in this election, and you should not make the move that I am suggesting without full consultation with them (I doubt that you are going to do it anyway). You should, in my opinion, for the sake of your future, your friends and the public which you serve so well, make a statement, perhaps along the lines I outline in the enclosure.

I saw "Making of the President - 1960" and the dignified and appealing manner in which Humphrey bowed out of the nomination scramble after his West Vir-

ginia defeat. I am sure it made him nothing but friends.

I know that you and Jane will take this letter and suggestion as one made by one of your good friends and in your interest. Very best.

Roger Kent

Kent's suggested withdrawal statement for Morrison

Six weeks ago, Roger Kent predicted that without funds for an extensive media campaign it would be impossible for me to overcome the apparent lead of the other two major candidates running for the office of Mayor. He felt that if I had six months instead of six weeks, the kind of campaign I could finance would have a good chance of success. He was right.

During the last month I have had the opportunity of debating with the other two candidates face to face, and I have studied their programs and proposals. As a reasonably experienced politician, I am certain that I will not be elected Mayor on November 7th. I therefore urge all of my supporters not to vote for me, and to vote for the candidate they consider best qualified to perform the vitally important duties of Mayor of San Francisco. I am sure, based on what I have seen and heard, that there is a significant difference between the programs and proposals of the other two major candidates. I intend to vote for Joseph Alioto.

★ ★ ★

To the editor,

Even though I worked for Joe Alioto in his mayoralty campaign, I was pleased to see The Guardian print the story about his "deal" to get Mayor Shelley out of the race. The news trickled down to a lot of us and, even though I did and still do think Alioto the best man, I found it all very disturbing. Keep this up and it won't be long before The Bay Guardian is regarded as is The Manchester Guardian.

An Alioto worker (Eds. note: The Guardian received, by presstime, 141 letters on its story on the Alioto-Shelley deal, but only Mr. Kent's challenged its accuracy on any point. Only the above two letters will be published for reasons of space and repetition. See inside column, p.4.)

THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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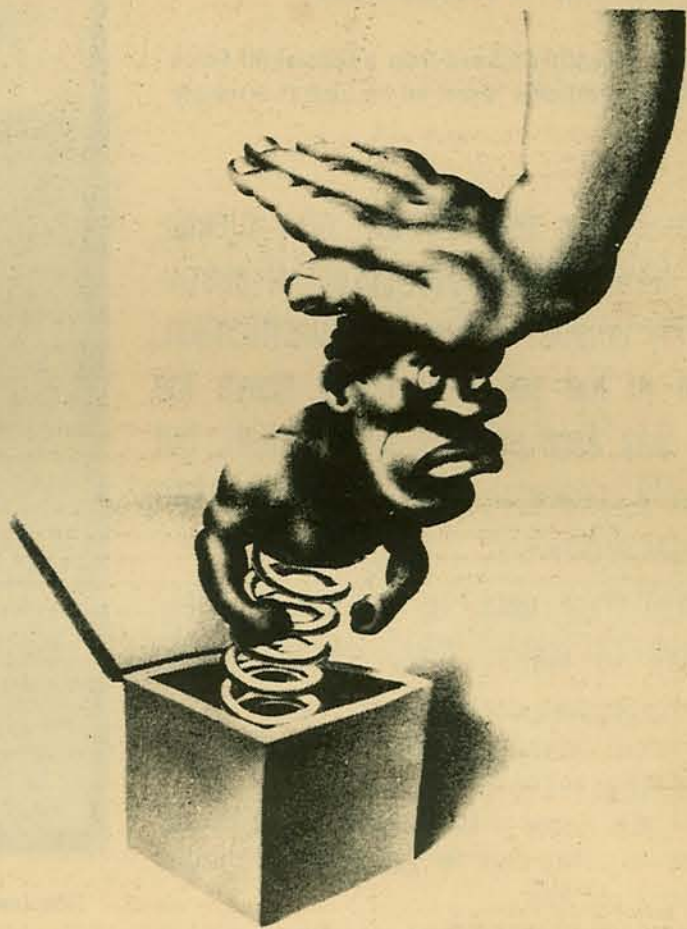
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Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions' publication.

At the top -- a lawbreaker

Something has to be done about the disrespect for law and order we're seeing these days. A few weeks ago, for instance, a public employee named Ronald Reagan was caught breaking a state Law* when he started ruthlessly hacking up the Medi-Cal program. He was taken to court and a judgment entered against him. He appealed but the adverse ruling was affirmed.

Like college lawbreakers in legal difficulties for writing dirty poems or beating up 127-pound student editors, Reagan felt he got a raw deal. He was mad. Unlike most of us decent, law-abiding citizens, however, he didn't show his respect for authority, for our laws and for our courts, by responsibly accepting his lot. Instead, he barnstormed the state making inflammatory speeches, ala Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown, attacking and insulting our cherished institutions.

It is this sort of thing that leads our youth astray. As the governor recently said: "Any time the law is broken, there are no exceptions or no sanctuaries."

Mind you, we are not trying to stifle dissent. Mr. Reagan is entitled to his opinion, no matter how much he carries on, however contrary it may be to our God-fearing way of life. But as citizens and taxpayers, we're sick and tired of people on the state payroll who attack our institutions, set a bad example for the young and impressionable and urge others on to unlawful behavior. Aren't you?

(Let's not even get into the business of pilfering private Presidential telegrams or publicly lying about hiring and firing policies or promoting wholesale evasion of the 160-acre Reclamation Law to bring public water at huge, public expense to a few giant California landowners.)

To the editor:

On Saturday night, Nov. 11, at about 8 p.m., I witnessed what I consider a most poignant and disgusting miscarriage of justice. An itinerant minister and his family of seven, including five daughters and a baby, were singing gospel music on the sidewalk in front of the Kress store at Market and Mason in San Francisco.

A modest crowd of about 50 had gathered in a semi-circle in front of the singers. Some of the onlookers contributed small donations though none was openly solicited. Most passersby did just that, passed by, after but a brief look at the proceedings.

At about 8 p.m. two of San Francisco's finest strode forward and, to a chorus of boos, advised the principals that they were blocking the sidewalk (which was patently untrue) and that they must move on. After a brief benediction the family did so.

The officers did not ask the crowd to make more room for those people who presumably were unable to pass. Rather, they were using a phony charge to simplify and justify their own actions.

If the SFPD is supposedly a servant of the people why isn't it out stopping crime instead of sowing the seeds for more of it by rousting a man of God from his pulpit? For the first time I come to understand why people resist cops.

IN an unwarranted move on such obviously unoffending "violators," these two worthies destroyed any respect I and other onlookers previously had had for them. For a city that "knows how," San Francisco has a police department which certainly does NOT!

John V. Mc Reynolds
San Francisco, Calif.

To the editor:

It's my pleasure to be a subscriber.

On my radio show (midnight to six, on KSFR) I have been touting your paper for several weeks. I read Rexroth's article aloud to my listeners, prompting much discussion: I listed your recommendations for public office in the recent election; and I have repeatedly praised your courage in the stands you've taken.

I have said it on KCBS, KNEW, KGO, and now on KSFR. "The Guardian is the best paper in the Bay Area!"

Jim Eason
San Francisco

To the editor:

Just a brief, note to tell you how delighted I am with the way The Guardian is shaping up. It's an exciting paper, and seems to be getting better all the time.

Keep up the good work.

Lester Velie
(Roving editor,
The Readers Digest)
Great Neck, N.Y.

To the editor:

Bravo! Keep on telling it the way it is.

Mrs. Edward Hintze
Campbell, Calif.

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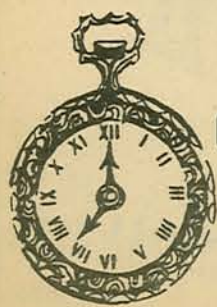
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KFYA KMPX

Who will win the battle of the pop waves?

By Creighton H. Churchill

Clashing electromagnetic horns on the rutting fields of rating surveys, San Francisco's three top, rock-sound radio stations are struggling in a battle of national significance.

Not only is San Francisco a major creative pop music center, but it offers also a perfect testing "spread" of rock music audio programming. The eventual winner here may shape the future of pop radio.

Representing the traditional type of top 40 presentation is KFRC, 610 on AM, the most successful rock-sound station and the second most popular Bay Area station of any gender. Following KFRC is the oldest of the rockers, KYA, 1260 on AM, a pleasant and intelligent blend of radio personalities and top-40 programming. KYA is fourth or fifth on all-stations surveys. Filling an intergalactic void at the far end of the programming spectrum is KMPX, at 107 FM playing chaos in 24 hour stereo. It represents new and joyously heretic ideas in programming.

TOP 40 radio is new as an institution and venerable as a pop art form. Started in the late 1950's as a vehicle for the rise of rock-and-roll, early

top-40 appealed to the 12 to 17 age group of screaming unsophisticates, as any veteran of an Elvis Presley concert will testify.

Pure top 40 programming theory is simple. Take a survey of the record stores and juke-boxes in your area, find out what's being bought and played, make the songs into a list of the 40 most popular and play that list over ad nauseum, interspersed with commercials, news, time and station breaks, and occasional attempts at intelligence or wit by the disk jockey.

Kold War Kiddies ate up the new formula, radio and 45 rpm sales climbed, as did advertising rates on the rocker stations. Listeners who bought 45's would also splurge on toothpaste, toys, movies, deodorants, hairspray and assorted fads.

MONEY speaks with paramount voice in conventional top 40 radio, as payola pointed up, and the quest for artistic or experimental excellence has been virtually unknown. Especially in stations owned by national companies, as KFRC is by RKO-General, quality must be sacrificed to cost-profit ratios for the account executives. It is the genius of the program director to figure out what method of pap presentation

will glue the mass ear to the set. Here Rounds had been justly celebrated.

KFRC changed to rock format and brought in Rounds on March 1, 1966. By late June of that year, Rounds' musical cybernetics had overtaken KYA and established KFRC as the electronic fountain for more than a million persons.

Rounds is shrewd, 31, hip, and aware of listeners, dollars and fads.

Flow is the key to KFRC programming, and Rounds, a Marshall McLuhan fan, cheerfully admits the whole station is straight out of "Medium is the Message". D. J.s are scripted and trained to have no real personality — to project sincere but undifferentiated voices fitting into a verbal / musical / electronic circuit completed when the listener tunes in.

Shortly after his Guardian interview, Rounds resigned as program director for KFRC and went into the "pop film" business. KFRC has retained the Rounds formula of programming as their stated policy. The current program director (and also D.J., unlike Rounds) is Les Turpin.

KYA, oldest of local rockers, was taken over four years ago by Avco Broadcasting Co., a large national chain. Johnny Holliday, talented New York radio personality, was drafted to add more color, interest and a sharp programming ear. Personality is the KYA style, every D. J. is allowed his own comments with an amazing amount of leeway for a national syndicate station, in the case of Holliday's night men, Tommy Saunders and Russ the Moose Syracuse, this laissez-fair attitude requires real hair on a programmer's chest.

Fifty or so sides (songs) are played along with tracks (at the D. J.'s choice) from ten albums that are current. Holliday attempts, with some success, to lead his listeners to new sounds reflecting the growth of "San Francisco Music" and the flower era.

Though Holliday claims there is no competition with KFRC ("We're different types or concepts in stations, appealing to different audiences"), KYA uses all the stock programming tricks like soft echo chambers behind the D.J.'s voices, station I.D. jingles and promotions, and a multitude of contests; this even though he admits that contests do no real good at

TOM Donahue, graduate of KYA and many other adventures, started KMPX in response to what many see as the impending decline of top 40. Rounds calls it the "disease of top 40, the coming split of stations into speciality groups: hard rock, talk shows, Rhythm and Blues, all news, etc.". Donahue was more direct in an article in the Rolling Stone newspaper:

"It's a rotting corpse stinking up the airways." Holliday stated that "You can't predict more than three months ahead, but things are opening up, changing."

Listeners who grew up on the mental chewing gum of top 40 are older and more sophisticated now, and the whole foundation of top 40, the 45 rpm record, is dying off to be replaced by stereo albums and tapes. Current tennyboppers are infinitely more "hip" in this flower-acid-Beatle age than were their parents.

KMPX may be the answer, at least for the more aware. Previously a foreign language tape-broadcast FM station (Portuguese farm reports, Serbo-Croatian Air Force isometric exercises), KMPX has been 24 hour stereo "new" rock music only since the first of August. Under the tutelage of Donahue, it's eclectic program director and D.J., KMPX situates itself at the far bi-polar end of the spectrum from KFRC. There is no love lost between Rounds and Donahue, their thought processes being violently antithetical. In contrast, Holliday and Donahue share mutual admiration and respect, trading records, tapes and ideas.

KMPX cheerfully tears into confetti the announcers' handbook of San Francisco's Chris Bordon School of Broadcasting and plows forward through the high seas of confusion. Unlike KFRC's 44 side play list, KMPX airs anything that comes to mind, from Glass Harmonicas to Billy Holliday.

During one guest appearance-interview with a member of a well known band, the KMPX D.J. asked his guest to help program the show while on the air. Rising out of shocked silence, the guest cried that this was the first time in hundreds of appearances that any D.J. had asked him what he wanted to hear and gave him free choice in the record library.

Happily, this irreverence seems to catch enough listeners to finance further irreverence, since KMPX has opened up a sister FM station in the unreal bad radio desserts of Los Angeles.

Yet there is caution, because WOR-FM in New York tried a modified KMPX format under the middle-aged psychedelic wing of Murry the K, and, though an artistic success, the station's owner (again RKO General) felt that the audience was too small, bounced Murry, and changed back to a slightly modified top 40. Rounds, also an RKO man, reflected this feeling: "After a while you run out of Hippies. Heads. Flower people and college professors. Our audience (speaking of KFRC) is almost totally different and we're not worried about KMPX."

Concern for KFRC may be imminent. A just published listener survey disclosed that KMPX has climbed in numbers of turned-on ears until it ranks just behind KYA. The battle of creativity, taste, and experimental interest, so recently lost in television programming, still may be won in local radio. It would be pleasing to think that this long awaited harbinger of change was born here in San Francisco, before it started spreading out to "set right" the heads of the nation's listeners.

Auschwitz recreated --but it's too real

by Margo Skinner

"The Investigation" (Interplayers, SF)

"We anticipate that 'The Investigation' probably will not be a commercial success," the invitation to its West Coast premiere says. It should be. For Peter Weiss' dramatic translation of the trials of Auschwitz was criminals, as presented by the Interplayers, is a searing experience.

In New York the original version ran nearly four hours, with a cast of 30. Phillip Pruneau, an Interplayers director, trimmed it to an hour and forty-five minutes, with no intermission, and a cast of 14. As with "Chushingura," you are not conscious of the time.

THERE are five witnesses, two of them women. Some have the waxy look of people resurrected from concentration camps. Their voices are matter of fact, almost flat, as they tell of horror piled on horror during their internment. Sometimes emotion flares briefly. But the stories are enough. There is no need for dramatics.

Defendants are more individualized, and that is as it should be. They were never made into statistics for transport in railroad cars like cattle or for mass executions. Sgt. Boger, claiming patriotic motives, was, as played by Frank Thomson on opening night, a city hall type with a touch of ward-healing charm. S.S. Corporal Stark, still young and handsome, pleaded his acceptance of what he was taught in school. Dr. Lukas (Roy Carmell) and Medical Orderly Klehr (Jack Marcle) acted under orders. Only Adjutant Mulka (Lynn Collins) was a machine man who said stolidly, "I did my duty."

THEN there was Dr. Capesius (Frank Richardson), suave, intelligent, a society doctor type, who always spoke kindly to the prisoners — and ordered injections of phenol into their hearts. Richardson's perfor-

mance affected me so strongly that I did not want to meet him at the reception afterwards. To me, he was Dr. Capesius.

But the others were no less real. It was like being at the trial in Frankfurt, listening to those who had been there tell of Auschwitz. Witnesses Malcolm Smith, Norma Jean Wavig, Peggy Ray, Keith Reagan and Bill Mayer were completely believable. Some of the actors said they could not, offstage, forget "The Investigation."

Pruneau is an extraordinary director. I have seen him create a world before, the comic Italian milieu of "Volpone." Here he rebuilds Auschwitz, so that we will remember. "Judgment at Nuremberg" looks phoney by comparison.

There was no applause at the conclusion of "The Investigation." It was too real for that.



Unofficial Art in the Soviet Union

PAUL SJEKLOCHA and IGOR MEAD

Artists in the Soviet Union are beginning to paint in the individual manner long associated with the artist's role in the West. The Russian-speaking authors offer a first-hand account of their discoveries of recent changes in Soviet art. They present a number of "unofficial" artists who work outside the strictures imposed by the Soviet artists' union, and, for contrast, include a summary of the doctrine of social realism and a sample of its implementation through the artists' union.

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FILM FESTIVAL REVIEW

by Margo Skinner

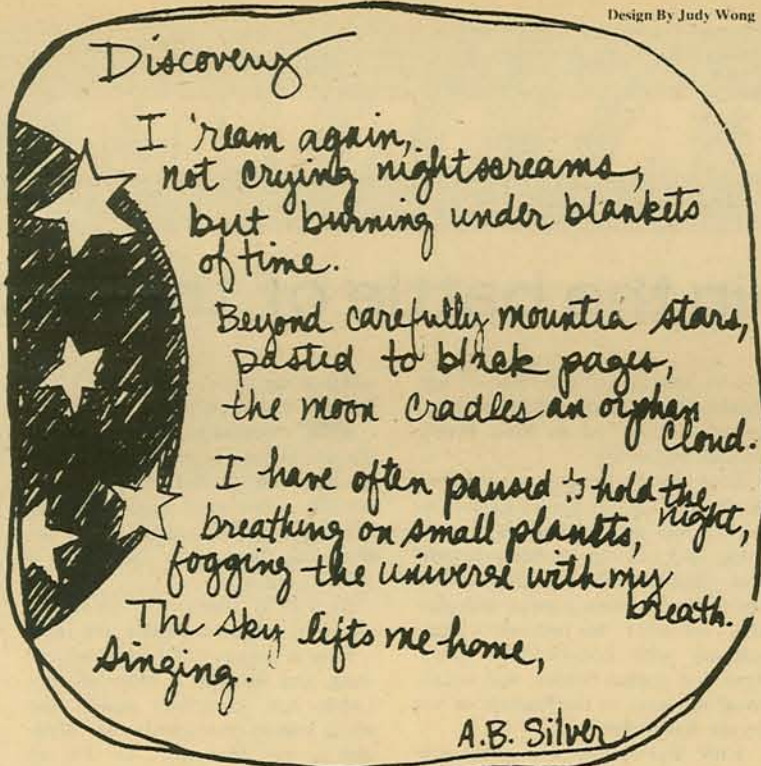
San Francisco film festival

At the end of San Francisco's 11th International Film Festival, my eyes were burning. I had attended almost all of the feature films from 15 countries. And there were the New Directors Series, the Film Retrospective programs, Special Events, short subjects, films in the Cinema as Art and Cinema as Communication categories and presentation of awards for excellence in TV.

France was the heaviest contributor to the festival, with five films in all. From Western Europe came British, Swedish, Danish, Belgian, Italian, Greek, and German entries.

The Soviets presented two feature films, as well as a retrospective program of clips celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the Russian film (and, coincidentally, the Revolution), with a 16-man-and-woman delegation of film workers receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the audience. Czechoslovakia offered two features: Yugoslavia and Poland, one each; and Rumania, some interesting shorts. There was one Israeli entry, and one Asian film, "Nayak" ("The Hero") by the celebrated Indian director, Satyajit Ray.

THE ONLY American feature was Jerome Kory's "Funnyman," filmed in San Francisco and enacted by numerous locals, mostly from The Committee. There were a number of American and Canadian shorts, and in the New Directors series the American "Soft" by Robert Carlisle and the distinguished Canadian documentary by Allan King, "Warrendale," set in a residential center for emotionally disturbed children. This picture, Justice Stanley Mosk, General Chairman, said was enough in



itself to make the Festival worthwhile.

"The Voice of the Water" from the Netherlands, a documentary about the Dutch people and their waterways, very successful; James Mason's "The London Nobody Knows," less so. The American documentary, "Festival," played to a Saturday midnight sellout house, and reviewers acclaimed this film about the Newport Folk Festival.

Thematically, these international films were largely devoted to youth; during the war years and under Nazi occupation; "coming of age," with problems of status, identity, and the opposite sex; problems of youth's alienation or delinquency in present-day society, East or West.

Romantic love as a value was back: in "Elvira Madigan," the tender Swedish film, viewed earlier; in "Romance for a Czech entry; as an element in the visually beautiful and rather old-fashioned Russian "Last Vendetta"; and as a possible solution for the heroes of the Belgian "Le Depart" and for our

San Francisco "Funnyman."

TWO FILMS, "Vendetta" and the Yugoslavian "I Even Met Happy Gypsies" dealt with ethnic minorities in Eastern Europe with color and fidelity; the former with the primitives of a Georgian mountain village; the latter with the Romanys of the Panonian plain.

Such cinematic concern with the individual and his relationships characterizes other Iron Curtain cinema makers. Otakar Varva, director of "Romance for Bugle," has said that "the truest sphere of an artist's work is man as an individual, his relation to society and the sphere of morality... Art will always be fighting for the humanization of the world."

THE BRILLIANT Polish director, Jerzy Skolimowski, shows similar concerns, comically, in his Belgian-made film, "Le Depart" and seriously in the rather confusing "Barrier," whose anarchic heroes are Outsiders from both present and historical past.

THE DISPOSSESSED young boys of "The Naked Hearts" (France) are leather-jacketed, blue-jeaned, and outside of society: they could exist in almost any country. The confused intellectual hero (more confused than intellectual) of the Israeli "Three Days and a Child," seems to have no connections at all, though with him the expression of alienation is clearest in his sex life. And the title character, played brilliantly by Peter Bonerz in "Funnyman" is a modern artist to whom society is either irrelevant or inimical.

No flags wave here.

The quality of these films was generally high, but none that I saw was first rate. Nor did I discover any new performer of the magnitude, say, of a Magnani, though there were many good and moving performances.

THE WORST film I saw was the French "Law of Survival," a Gothic with a pseudo-Bogart hero which wasn't bad for a while, but then turned out-and-out ludicrous. Magnificent photography of Corsica by George Barksy was not enough to compensate.

Polish Director Skolimowski's "Barrier," or "The Adventures of an Alienated Intellectual in Warsaw," had some magnificent images but was chaotically confused. On the other hand, his "Le Depart," made in Belgium with a French cast, I thought wonderfully amusing, though other reviewers lambasted it. This picaresque of a young hairdresser who must have a Porsche or else used the camera itself for comedy magnificently, and Jean-Pierre Leaud's crazy comic talent seemed to me in the best tradition.

ON THE OTHER hand, I found the high school boy protagonist of Gunter Grass' "Cat and Mouse" (Germany) extremely well played by Lars Brandt, and at an older age by Lars' brother Peter. (They are sons of Willy Brandt.) Some critics felt that this story of the boy's obsession with the Iron Cross, an outgrowth of his insecurity because of his prominent Adam's apple, was overly cerebral. Perhaps this is true. Yet as a sardonic comment on German militarism, with some remarkable photographic techniques, it is well worth seeing.

Laughter goes on and on --painful to everybody

By Rolfe Peterson

"Twelfth Night" and "Albee Acts" (ACT, Geary, SF)
The new Committee revue (Committee theater, SF)

SAN FRANCISCO — The new ACT season opened at the Geary theater with what I thought was a distinguished production of "Twelfth Night," although the local critical fraternity did some carping. My view is that Shakespeare's comedies are pretty awful stuff, and any production that makes one palatable for a modern audience is a blessing.

William Ball does it by respecting the lasting strengths—the poetry at the spectacle—while tricking out the crude foolery with some modern devices and timing.

The cast is a rotating one, but if you see the actors I saw opening night, you'll see some excellent performances. Best of all I thought was David Grimm. Surrounded by the likes of Ray Reinhardt as Sir Toby, Ken Ruta as Malvolio and Glenn Mazon as Sir Andrew—all of them good in their traditional, excessive way—Grimm surprises by underplaying the wise fool Feste.

The result is a casual, almost sardonic throwing-away of some of the insufferable puns and plays upon words, while the thread of bitter philosophy that runs through his role is heightened and made genuinely touching.

Ball has given the production great physical beauty to go with the beauties of the language—rich and colorful costumes, elaborate lighting and the kind of artful groupings of actors that seem appropriate to poetical classics.

His worst lapse of taste is the laughing scene, in which Angela Paton and her three men friends prolong an already too-long evening by pretending uncontrolled laughter. Even a short laugh is the most difficult thing for an actor to do convincingly. A long scene like this must surely be almost as painful for the actors as it was for the audience, and that's pretty painful.

The other ACT production I've seen is "Albee Acts," an evening of two one-act plays by Edward Albee.

I realize that he's one of the current darlings of the American theatre, and no repertory group would be caught dead without an Albee in their schedule, but I think that he (and Beckett, and the other absurdists) are terribly over-rated.

IN "The American Dream," Albee does achieve some funny strokes here and there, and in such moments as Grandma's departure some touching and thoughtful sentiment. But in all this hour or more of noise and clutter and confusion, I doubt he makes as many points about the American family, his target here, as pointedly or as comically as, say, W.C. Fields does in two or three brief scenes with Cora Witherspoon and Jessie Ralph in "The Bank Dick."

The one actor in "The American Dream" who shows some of the comic flair essential to this kind of grotesquerie, if it is to be funny rather than just ugly, is Jay Doyle as Grandma. Ruth Kobart is pretty good as Mommy.

Ann Weldon has a skillful and charming moment in her strip-tease, but generally she or the director has made a series of errors, like her mincing walk, that make her character come off silly rather than funny. Harry Frazier is all right in a thankless role.

SCOTT Hylands carries off a good monologue assisted by himself on a tape recorder.

So far, I thought, as the curtain fell, nothing great, but a lot of wild color and movement and occasional laughs.

Then came "The Zoo Story," the second play. I have heard it called Albee's masterpiece, but the kindest word I can find for it is tedious. Here again comes Scott Hylands, a vigorous but limited young actor, and here again he does the same big monologue, pacing and kneeling and spraying saliva. The story of the dog poisoning could have been done in five minutes. Albee gives it 15 or 20—it seemed like 40—and Hylands made it more of a strain than it needs to be.

Robert Goldsby does more listening than anything else, but whatever he does is full of real life and human nature. His is

the evening's best performance.

I found "The American Dream" reasonably entertaining, in an ugly way. "The Zoo Story" is just ugly, like "Endgame," the other Absurd Masterwork in the ACT repertory. I know I must sound terribly out of it, but I simply can't see the logic of paying your money for the privilege of enduring pain.

THE new revue at The Committee has a few wonderful moments, mainly the face of Peter Bonerz as he imitates a priest hearing a juicy confession. But he is the only genuinely talented performer in this new Committee grouping. Carl Gottlieb, Mimi Farina, Barbara Bosson and Garry Goodrow are the others.

They preach a lot, and in doing so make themselves as ridiculous as the foolish types they mean to satirize. Goodrow achieved one of the Great Moments of Unconscious Humor when, on opening night, just eight hours after the riots on the San Francisco State College campus, he stepped forward and, in the midst of an inarticulate and ungrammatical commentary on World Peace or something, actually said, in all seriousness: "All riots are caused by cops!"

Ernest Hemingway is said to have said that every creative artist needs a built-in Crap Detector. The present bunch at the Committee might consider this.

In fairness to the good things that shine through the fumbling and uncertainty of this revue, I should point out that The Committee's improvisational style gets better as the material becomes more familiar. If you should see it a week or two from now, it might be back to its usual high level. I hope so.

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Alioto night at the theatre -- a social and artistic success

By Douglas Giebel

"The High Mass" (Purple Onion II, SF)
"Slow Dance on the Killing Ground"
(Brown's Hall, 390 Miller, Mill Valley)

Opening night of John Alioto's new play, "The High Mass," must be rated an unqualified social success.

Keith Rockwell's Purple Onion Two, plush red, dim and elegant saloon with three-dimensional fluffy-fuzz walls, filled to capacity. The new Mayor-elect and father of the playwright solid in his prominent aisle seat, heading a section reserved for *Lafamiglia*.

Men in dark, crisp suits, and one guy with cummerbund, lacy-front formal shirt, black tie, elegant lea-

ther evening lumberjacket. The girls young and beautiful, soft mini-dresses cut high over small mod-tight breasts.

As for the other show, it is called "The High Mass" and it is the 22-year-old author's first play. Set in a contemporary Catholic college, the play deals with the crisis caused by two young Brothers who preach love at the school and express dissatisfaction with confession, teaching methods and the Church in general.

THE PLAYWRIGHT has provided plenty of material for conflict. In the opening act, he gives especially sensitive treatment to the theme of homosexuality. The dialogue is excellent, sincere and true, strongly aided by the performance of Al Alu (an accomplished actor who recently severed ties with A.C.T.). Alu plays homosexual Brother Marc with

sympathetic honesty. This is Alioto's strongest and most convincing writing.

Terence Todd is amusing and believable as aging, raspy Brother Gregory. He creates a pleasant balance to the performance by Alu, who shoulders the responsibility as the only actor in Act Three. Called upon to commit suicide, Alu makes the too-brief scene effective, although Brother Marc's death might have come later in the play, giving the character more time for development and allowing us to see more of this skillful actor's work. We will miss him in the final scenes.

Acts Four and Five, which follow the intermission, are less successful. Especially Act Four.

The audience has waited since the first mention of Sean's girl-friend for her appearance. It is possible this sensitive young man is having an affair, but not with Anne, as misconceived by Alioto and unplayed by D'Arcy Harmon.

We never understand her character. Or we understand it too easily. Neither of which makes the proper dramatic point.

If "love is beautiful," as the author states, then this nervous act deserves more loving care in its writing and staging, and Miss Harmon needs intensive lessons in the art of acting.

The final act is a dream sequence, and I will not give away the ending except to add my own feeling that dream sequences should have been made illegal by Act of Congress shortly after "Oklahoma!" opened in 1943.

THE PLAY is neither shocking nor in bad taste, but neither does it advance any new ideas. After "The Deputy," it may be difficult for playgoers to be stunned by attacks upon the Catholic Church.

As a playwright, Alioto exhibits a youthfully subjective talent for dialogue and the theatrical. His attention should turn immediately to another work or a serious revamping of this one. His direction is sound. He deserves encouragement.

THE ALDRIDGE PLAYERS/WEST is the only consistently performing Negro theatre company in the city. It deserves much more attention than it has thus far received. I found its production last year of "Days of Absence" nearly equal to the version produced on KQED's PBL program. . . . And will someone please tell me what's happening with theater in Berkeley? The Actor's Ensemble will play through Strindberg's "The Ghost Sonata" beginning on Jan. 18. What else is new over there? . . . Other events of note: Euripides' "The Bacchae," scheduled for a Jan. 9 opening at S.F. State. . . . Two "gala champagne openings" (take your pick) on New Year's Eve: Brecht's "Threepenny Opera" (Interplayers) and Murray Schisgal's "Luv" (Playhouse).

On the A.C.T. benefit: Ethel Merman's energy and style are still astounding, but the supporting electronic equipment was horribly inadequate. Marco Pogocar is a brilliant choreographer-dancer. And the singing of Paul Shenar (Knickerbocker called it "a bold attempt") nearly demolished the whole affair. To label his performance amateurish would be too kind. With top price for seats at \$15, the audience, even at a benefit, deserved better. . . .

SURPRISE intelligence: the Chronicle's John Wasserman has heralded Dylan Thomas as "the greatest poet in the English language ever to write for the theater." His criterion: "One may completely enjoy 'Under Milkwood' without ever opening one's eyes."

Since Thomas did not write for live theater—"Under Milkwood" was done specifically for B.B.C. radio—this insight is startling.

Manitas de Plata: This guitarist's playing is hypnotic, remarkable. He merits twice the audience that wildly greeted his concert at the Masonic Auditorium. Do not miss de Plata next time around. Thanks to John Kornfeld, our local S. Hurok, for bringing him.

IT IS definitely worth the drive to Mill Valley to see the Homestead Players' version of "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground." William Hanley's comedy-drama of three characters trapped by their own past actions.

Tightened performances that come with subsequent playing will make this one of the best little theater events in the Bay Area.



By Creighton H. Churchill

Goochie, goochie, but not goo

KNEW is THE talk-radio station in the Bay Area, ranking consistently in the top three in surveys, and situated, of all places, in Oakland. Well, not exactly. It's in Jack London square, a section of the Dukedom called the Port of Oakland, governed not by the city, but... by port commissioners. On the second story of an old warehouse, between two restaurants, KNEW studios feature an art gallery, Gallery 91. Unlike most institutional art, the Gallery does not cater to Rotary Clubbers in tennis shoes. Witness the current exhibition by Gerald Gooch, a painter/constructor of formidable local reputation for barbecuing Sacred Cows in a highly competent and detailed manner. Starting with a life-size, reclining, very nude figure of Christ, 1967, who is making a widely known symbolic gesture as a commentary on the state of Man, the exhibition ranges afield through electronic nude males that walk forward at the startled observer and an inspired plat pas a deux done in six panels, viewing a gymnastic couple in bed under a sheet. Painted mainly with acrylics on plexiglas, Gooch's work is technically superb and innovative, especially in the electronics construction-style. Though the subject matter may outrage some, the show is important and should be seen. Also on view: KNEW's extensive permanent collection of modern work displayed throughout the studio. The favorite, titled "Merry Christmas," is a large portrait of LBJ as Santa Claus inspecting the scar on his belly. The show continues through Jan. 15.

When Pimm's in his cups, use curry, saucely

Neo-colonialism is a bloody boring charge on which to stand accused. One gets all the battle of upholding the Texan's burden in far places without the satisfaction of treating the heathen like heathen. For those wishing to escape Vietnam and return to a simpler political era before the British Empire sank giggling into the sunset, The India House provides the correct puka sahib atmosphere and highly excellent curries and other less fire-breathing dishes. At 629 Washington, S.F., the House features an entrance way bar with both upstairs and to-the-side dining rooms decorated in pleasant manner with waiters dressed in the costume of their native Indian or Pakistani regions. All are foreign students studying at Bay Area colleges and working part-time at the restaurant. Dinner for two with a traditional Pimm's cup and wine is \$15.00 or so. The extra hot curry sauce is cautiously recommended for the cast-iron of palate. It appears a secret blend of distilled Brimstone, curry powders and low-yield tactical weapons, having the curious effect, in overdose, of forcing one's ears to touch together on the bridge of one's nose.

Heps among the Hips

Those tired of wallet-pocket rapes by North Beach clubs, but still interested in hearing modern cool jazz can find surcease and sounds in the Juke Box, 1483 Haight St., San Francisco. A club in the traditional mode of low ceilings, crowded tables and Hip, not Hippie, patrons, the Box features the Norman Williams Quintet, a surprisingly creative and listenable blending of two saxophones, drums, natural bass and a beautiful lady piano player. The Quintet is far enough removed from the staid melodies of the 1950s and the early 1960s to please the young avant-garde, yet retains a shyness of high atonality and chaotic rhythms that will endear them to over 30, pure-sound veterans. Weekdays there is no cover charge and the drinks (beer, coffee, cider) are 50¢ each; weekends add a fifty cent door charge. Parties of four or more can sit in "concert boxes" in elevated wings off the entrance way. This is like living inside a Hi-Fi speaker when the Quintet starts to take off.

How can you keep 'm down on the farms in Berkeley?

Spurred on by the success of the Steppenwolf, mother of Berkeley's entertainment-beer-wine bars, two of its owners, in consort with others, have opened Nighttown on University Ave. just south of San Pablo. Remodeled from a bar called Mandrakes, Nighttown is a large, air-conditioned, tastefully decorated nightclub that would be unusually nice for San Francisco, not to mention Berkeley. Martin Dangott, manager-owner, was a former mathematician at Cal Tech who dropped out and into the night-people's world. He expresses the reaction to Nighttown as, "Now it's not 'Farms in Berkeley?' but 'Nightclubs in Berkeley?'" Where the Steppenwolf is a hard rock and dance operation, Nighttown presents name entertainers and ensembles, mostly for listening. Bola Sete, celebrated Brazilian Bossa Nova and classical guitarist, opened the club. Vince Guaraldi's group and rock bands like the Loading Zone are on tap. While other clubs like the New Orleans House (also a restaurant) present cabaret shows, Nighttown is the only "pure" nightclub, filling the quality, important artist entertainment void in the East Bay largely created by the conscious and inexcusable default by that bastion of watchmaker's conventions and decaying old ladies' Teas, the Claremont Hotel. Depending on the artist's importance, the door charge varies between 50¢ and \$1.50 with a one drink minimum.

Mass oratorios for overhead projectors

"Between Total darkness at zero decibels and the infinity of cosmic awareness..." is the self-description of the Light Sound Dimension, performed at 1572 California near Polk in S. F. It is, if anything, an understated evaluation. Seven performers, three on lights led by Bill Ham, the rest on various instruments and voice, form a surreal orchestra where light and patterns are integrated as actual instruments. Hidden behind, and projecting on, a monster screen at the end of a dark hall, the luminescent cabal create a live, improvised and intriguing new environment-world. Highly recommended. Thursday through Sunday, admission \$2.00, \$1.50 for students.

High Mass by J. Alioto at Purple Onion II is entering its last two weeks. The technical production is expertly and creatively handled by John Warneke. The script is another matter, (see review, page 13) and most observers are surprised it ran this long. Neither biting enough to bother the Church, nor amusing enough to regale the front-row drunks, High Mass still does have some moments, and is unusual entertainment of a San Francisco evening. The very fact it is being presented on Broadway in competition with the Lactation Lillies is event enough.

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How does The Guardian's political reporting stack up?

• Nobody else reported the story (Guardian, Oct. 31) of the smelly deal that made Joe Alioto mayor of San Francisco. Nobody.

• Nobody reported the story (p5) of why the local press refused to publish this major election story.

• Check these pre-San Francisco election quotes in The Guardian with the final election results:

The six winning supervisors

John A. Ertola (1); Leo T. McCarthy (2); Terry A. Francois (3); Robert H. Mendelsohn (4); Ronald Pelosi (5); James Mailliard (6).

The top losers

Kevin O'Shea (7); Bill Newsom (8); Joe Beeman (9); John Riordan (10); Edward Stern (11); Joseph Casey (12).

The Guardian's pre-election evaluation
Ertola: "given good chance to lead the ticket."

McCarthy: "will win."

Francois: "will win..."

Mendelsohn: "may win..."

Pelosi: "good chance of winning... if only because he has the best-looking and early out bumper sticker."

Mailliard: "may win."

O'Shea, Beeman and Casey (all incumbents): "in trouble and may lose."

Newsom: "fair chance for victory."

Riordan: "will gain valuable experience and city wide exposure from race... nothing more."

Stern: "would probably be the board's most intelligent and gutsy liberal if elected... which he most likely won't be... pity..."

Note: The Guardian endorsed Stern, Riordan, McCarthy, Mendelsohn, Francois and Beeman. As a reader noted, "it was good to see your heart was in the right place, but better to see it didn't interfere with your reporting. With your wrapup of the mayor's race, it was the best coverage I saw."

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The children of Suoi Hai

By Earl Thollander

I rode in the back of a truck, 40 minutes over the snow white coral sands of the South Vietnamese coast, to sketch a "Medcap" mission administering medical and dental aid to the tiny village of Suoi Hai.

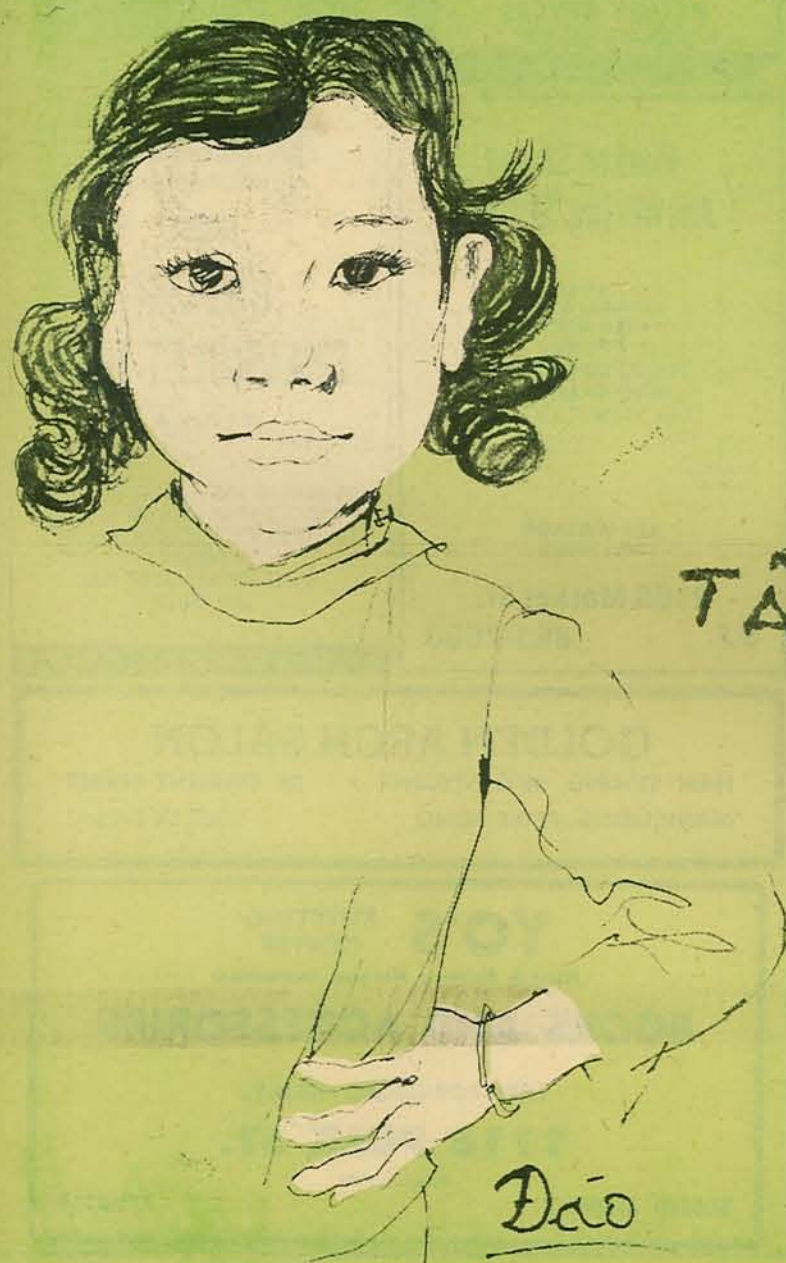
Suoi Hai is a pretty village along the water that bristles with palm trees, tropical plants, chickens, children and grass huts built off the ground on stilts.

Several patients, young and old, women with children, young boys with abscessed teeth, were waiting patiently when the Air Force medical team from

nearby Cam Ranh Bay arrived and began setting up three outpatient areas.

The first was a "wash line" where minor abrasions and infections were treated. The second was a "medical line" where senior doctors worked with broken bones and eye diseases. A dentist and his technician manned the "dental line". They pulled teeth.

I began sketching, and soon the children of Suoi Hai were gathered around me.



TÂM



Sketches By Earl Thollander